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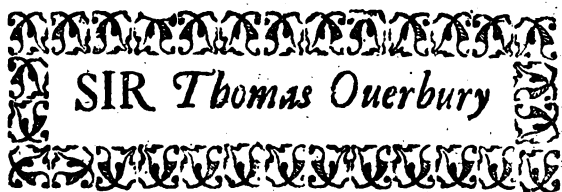
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N. 56.

Liter. Angl. elegant.
Poet.

Overbury. p. 22.



SIR Thomas Overbury

HIS

WIFE.

WITH
ADDITIONS
OF NEW CHARA-
cters, and many other
Wittie Conceites neuer
before Printed.

The foureteenth Impression.



LONDON,
Printed for Robert Allot, and are to
be sold at the signe of the Beare
in *Paule Church-yard.* 1630.

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To the Reader.



TH E generall acceptance of this matchlesse *Poem* the *Wife*, (written by Sir *Thomas Overburie*) is sufficiently approoved by many, the worth whereof if any other out of malice shall neglect to commend, he may well (if it proceed from nice Criticisme) be excluded as a Churlish Retainer to the *Muses*: if from direct plaine-dealing, he shall be degraded for insufficiencie. For had such a *Poem* beene extant among the ancient Romanes, although they wanted our easie conseruations of wit by Printing, they would haue committed it to brasse, lest iniurious time

TO THE READER.

time depriue it of due eternity. If to conuerse with a creature so amiable as is here described, be thought difficult, let the contemplation thereof be held admirable. To which are added (this 14th impression) many new *Characters*, and *witty Conceits*, written by himselfe and others his friends. How soeuer, they are now exposed, not onely to the Iudicious, but to all that carry the least scruple of mother wit about them.

Eicet toto nunc Helicone frui———Mar.

Lau. Lisse.

Elegies of several Authors, on the vntimely death of SIR

Thomas Ouerbury, poisoned
in the Tower.

Vpon the vntimely death of SIR
Thomas Ouerbury.

(teares,
TWould ease our sorrowes, 'twould release our
Could we but heare those high celestiall Spheres,
Once tune their Motions to a dolefull straine,
In sympathy of what we mortals plaine,
Or see their faire Intelligences change
Or face or habit, when blacke deeds, so strange,
As might force pittie from the Heart of Hell,
Are hatcht by Monsters, which among vs dwell.
The Stars me thinks like men inclinde to sleepe,
Shuld through their christall casements scarcely peep,
Or at least view vs, but with halfe an eye,
For feare their chaster Influence might discry
Some murdering hand, oaded in guiltlesse blood,
Blending vile iniues to destroy the good.
The Sonne should wed his beames to endlesse Night,
And in dull darknesse canopy his Light,
When from theranke stewes of adul'terous Breasts,
Where every base unhallowed Proiect rests,

Is beleft, as in defiance of his shine,
 A streame might make euen Death it selfe to pine.
 But those things happen still, but ne're more cleare,
 Nor with more lustre did these lamps appeare;
 Mercury capers with a winged heele,
 As if he did no touch of sorrow feele,
 And yet he sees a true Mercurian kill'd,
 Whose birth his Mansion with much honour fill'd.
 But let me not mistake those pow'rs above,
 Nor taxe iniuriously those Courts of Ioue.
 Surely, they ioy to see these Aëts renew'd,
 Which in blinde silence haue beene long conceald;
 And Vertue now triumphant, whilst we mourne
 To thinke that ere she was foule Vices scorne:
 Or that poore Ouer-buries blood was made
 A sacrifice to Malice and darke shade.
 Weston, thy hand that Couvre-feu Bell did sway,
 Which did his life to endlesse sleepe conuay.
 But rest thou where thou art; Ile seek no glorie
 By the relation of so sad a storie.
 If any more were prime to the Deed,
 And for the crime must bee aduindg'd to bleed,
 To Heauen I pray, with rear'd up hand and eyes,
 That as their Bodies fall, their soules may rise:
 And as those equally turne to one dust,
 So these alike may shine among the iust,
 And there make up one glorious constellation,
 Who suffered here in such a differing fashion.

D.T. To

To the Memorie of the generally bewai-
led Gentleman, *Sr. Thomas*
Ouerburie.

BVt that w' are bound in Christian pietie
To wish Gods will be done ; and destinie
(In all that haps to Men, or good, or ill)
Suffer'd, or sent, by that implored Will; (Breath
Me thinks, t' obserue how Vertue drawes faint
Subiect to slanders, Hate, and violent Death,
Wise men kept low, others aduanc'd to State,
Right checkt by wrong, and ill men fortunate;
These mou'd Effects, from an vnmoued Cause,
Might shake the firmest faith; Heauens fixed
Might casual seem, & each irregular sence (Laws
Spurne at iust Order, blame Gods Prouidence.

But what is man, expostulate the Intents
Of his high Will, or iudge of Strange Euent?
The rising Sunne to mortall sight reueales
This earthly Globe; but yet the stars conceales;
So may the Sence discouer Naturall Things;
Diuine aboue the reach of Humane wings.

Then not the Fate, but Fates bad instrument
Doe I accuse in each sad accident: (come;
Good men must fall: rapes, incests, murders
But woe and curses follow them by whome:
God Authors all mens Actions, not their sin,
For that proceeds from deu'lish lust within.

Thou then that suffer'dst by those forms so vile,
From whom those wicked Instruments did file
Thy droffie part, to make thy Fame shine cleare,
And shrine thy soule in heauens alglorious sphere,
Who being good, nought lesse to thee befell,
Though it appear'd disguis'd in shape of Hell;
Vanish thy bloud and Nerues; True life alone
In Vertue liues, and true Religion,
In both which thou art deadlesse; O behold,
(If thou canst looke so low as Earths base mold)
How dreadfull Iustice (late with lingring foot)
Now comes like whirlwind! how it shakes the
Oflofty Cedars; make the stately Brow (root
Bend to the foot! how all men see that now
The breath of infamy doth moue their sailes;
Whiles thy deare name by loues more hearty
Shall stil keep wing, vntil thy Fames extēt (gales
Fill eu'ry part of this vast Continent.
Then you the Syre of their murther'd Sonne;
Repine not at his Fate; since he hath wonne
More honour in his sufferance: and his death
Succeeded by his vertues endlesse Breath.
For him, and to his Life and Deaths example,
Loue might erect a Statue; Zeale a Temple:
On his true worth the Muses might be slaine,
To die his honours web in purest Graine.

C. B.

Vpon the vntimely Death of the Author of this ingeni-

ous Poem, Sir Thomas Ouerbury
Knight, poysoned in
the Tower.

SO many *Moones*, so many times goe round,
And rose from *Hell*, & *darknes* vnder ground,
And yet till now, *this darkned deed of Hell*
Not brought to light? O tardy *Heauen!* yet tell
If *Murder* laies him downe to sleepe with *Lust*
Or no? reueale, as *thou art Truth* and *lust*,
The *Secrets* of this vniust secure *Act*,
And what our feares make vs suspect compact
With greater deeds of mischief: for alone
We thinke not *This*, and doe suspect yet *One*,
To which compar'd, *This*, but a falling *Starre*;
That a bright *Armeament of Fire*: Thy Care
We see takes *meaner things*: It times the world,
The *Signes* at random through the *Zodiack* burid,
The *stars* wild wandring, & the glib quick *hinges*
Which turne both *Poles*, & all the *violent changes*
It ouer-looks, which trouble th'endlesse course
Of the high *Firmament*: by thy *blest force*
Do hory winter frosts make forests bare, (paire,
And straight to groues againe their shades re-
By

By Thee doth *Autumnes*, *Lions flaming Maine*
 Ripen the fruits : and the full yeere sustaine
 Her burthened powers : O being still the same,
Ruling so much, and vnder whom the frame
 Of this vast world weigh'd all his Orbes doth
Why are thy Cares of men no more applide? (guide,
 Or it : why seem'st thou sleeping to the Good,
 And guarding to Ill ? as if the brood
Of best things still must Chance take in command ;
 And not thy *Providence* and *Her blind Hand*
 Thy *Benefits* erroneously disburse,
 Which so let fall, ne're fall but to the worse ?
 Whence *so great crimes* commit the *Greater sort*,
 And boldest acts of shame blaze in the Court,
 Where *Ruffones* worship in their rise of State
 Those filthy *Scarabs*, whom they *Serne* and *Hate*,
 Sure things meete backward, there ; *Humour* dis-
 And *Virtue* laid by *Fraud*, & *Poison* waste : (graft,
 The *Adul'ter* up like *Haman*, and so *Shinted* :
 And *Females modesty* (as *Females*) painted,
 Lost in all reall worth : what shall wee say ?
 Things so farre out of frame, as if the day
 Were come wherein another *Phaeton*
 Stolne into *Phœbus* waine, had all misse-won
 A cleane contrary way : O powerfull God,
 Right all amisse, and set thy wonted period
 Of Goodnesse, in his place againe : This deed
 Be *Vsuer* to bring foorth the *Maske*, and *Weed*,
Where-

*Where-under, blacker things lie hid perhap,
And yet haue Hope to make a false escape.
Of This make knowne, why such an instrument,
As Weston a poore seruing-man should rent
The frame of this sad-good-mans life: did he
Stand with this Court-bred learned OVBVVY,
In strife for an Ambassadour-ship? no, no,
His Orbes held on such light: what, did hee owe
The Prophet malice for composing this,
This Cynosurd in neate Poesis
How Good, & Great men ought, and All, to chuse,
A chaste, fit noble Wise, and the abuse
Of Strumpets friendly shadowing in the same,
Was this his fault? or doth there lye a flame
Yet in the embers not vnrak't, for which
He dy'de so falsly? Heauen we doe beseech
Vnlocke the secret, and bring all to view,
That Law may purge the bloud, Lust made vntrue.*

W. S.

An Elegie consecrated to the
memory of the truly worthy and
learned Sir Thomas Overbury
K N I G H T.

HAd not thy wrong like to a wound ill cur'd
Broke forth in death ; I had not bin assur'd
Of griefe enough to finish what I write.
These lines, as those which do in cold blood fight
Had come but faintly on ; for, euer hee
That shrines a name within an *Elegie*,
(Vnlesse some neerer cause doe him aspire)
Kindles his bright flame at the *Funerall* fire.
Since passion (after lessening her extent)
Is then more strong, and so more eloquent.

How powerfull is the hand of *Murther* now!
Wait not enough to see his deare life bow
Beneath her hate? but crushing that faire frame,
Attempt the like on his vnspotted *Fame*?
O base reuenge! more then inhumane fact!
Which (as the *Romans* sometimes would enact
No doome for *Paricide*, supposing none
Could euer so offend) the vpright *Throne*
Of *Iustice* salues not: leaving that intent
Without a *Name*, without a *Punishment*.

Yet though thy wounded *Fame*, as thorow
Glasses which multiply the *Species*, (these
We

We see thy vertues more then they become
So many *Statues* sleeping on thy *Tombe*:

Wherein confinement new thou shalt endure,
But so; as when to make a *Peayle* more pure,
We giue it to a *Doe*, in whose wombe pent
Some time, we haue it forth most orient.

Such is thy luster now, that venom'd *Spigbe*
With her black soule dares not behold thy light,
But banning it, a course begins to runne
With those that curse the rising of the *Sunne*.
The poison that works vpwards now, shal strue
To be thy faire *Fames* true *Presernatine*.
And Witchcraft, that can maske the *upper shine*,
With no one cloud, shall blind a ray of thine.

And as the *Hebrewes* in an obscure pit
Their *holy Fire* bid, not extinguisht it,
And after-time, that brake their bondage chaine
Found it, to fire their sacrifice againe:
So lay thy *Worth* some while, but being found,
The *Muses Altars* plentifully crownd
With sweet perfumes, by it new kindled be,
And offer all to thy deare Memory. (gone,

Nor haue wee lost thee long: thou art not
Nor canst descend into *Oblusion*. (fled,
But twice the *Sunne* went round since thy soule
And only *that time* men shall terme thee dead.
Hereafter (rais'd to life) thou still shalt haue
An *Antidote* against the silent Graue.

W.B.Int.Temp.

Vpon the vntimely Death of Sir Thomas

Ouerbury.

IF for to liue be but a misery,
If by death good men gaine eternity,
Twas friendly done in robbing thee of life,
To celebrate thy nuptials with thy Wife;
So that his will no other aime intended,
But by exchange thy life should be amended:
Yet wert to compasse his insatiate lust,
He this last friendship tendred to thee: trust
Whiles he dishonor'd and defam'd may die,
Iustice and Fame, shall crowne thy memorie.

B.G. medij Temp.

In

In obitum intempestiū & lachrymabilem Illustrissimi E-

quitis aurati, *THO: OVERBURY*, mag-
ne spei & expectationis Viri.

HOWever windie mischiefe raise vp high
Darke thickning clouds, to powre vpon vs
A tempest of foule rumours, which delcry (all
Thy hard mis-hap and strange disastrous fall,
As if thy wounds were bleeding frō that hand,
Which rather should haue raisd thee vp to stāds

Yet shalt thou here suruiue in pittying fame
In thy sweet Wife, in these most acute lines
In well reputed Characters of name, (shrines
And vertues tombe, which all thine honour
In spight of enuie, or the proudest hate,
That thus hath set opinion at debate.

But for mine owne part, sith it falls out so,
That death hath had her will; I now compare
It to a wanton hand, which at a throw
To breake a boxe of precious balme did dare:
With whose perfume, altho it was thus spild,
The house & commers by were better filld.

Cap. Tho. Gainsford.
A

A memoriall,
Offered to that man of vertue,
Sir Thomas Ouerburie.

(frame
ONce dead and twice aliue; Death could not
A death, whose sting could kill his fame.
He might haue liu'd, had not the life which gaue
Life to his life, betraid him to his graue.
If Greatnesse could consist in being Good,
His Goodnesse did adde titles to his blood.
Onely vnhappy in his liues last fate,
In that he liu'd so soone, to dye so late.
Alas, whereto shall men oppressed trust,
When Innocence cannot protect the Iust?
His error was his fault, his truth his end,
No enemy his ruine, but his friend. (breath,
Cold friendship, where hot vowes are but a
To guerdon poore simplicitie with death:
Was neuer man, that felt the fence of griefe,
So Ouerbury'd in a safe believe:
Believe? O cruell slaughter! Times vnbred
Will say, Who dies that is vntimely dead,
By treachery, of lust, or by disgrace,
In friendship, 'twas but *Ouerburies* case; (proue
Which shall not more comend his truth, then
Their guilt, who were his opposites in loue.

Rest

Rest happy Man; and in thy spheare of Awe
Behold how Iustice swaies the sword of Law,
To weed out those whose hands imbrow'd in
Cropt off thy youth, & flower in the bed (blood
Sleep in thy Peace: thus happy hast thou prou'd,
Thou might'st haue more knowne, not more

In Fe.

besou'd.

Vpon SIR Thomas Querburie the Author of this ingenious

Poem.

H*esperides* (within whose gardens grow
Apples of gold) may well thy losse deplore:
For in those Gardens they could neuer show
A tree so faire of such a fruitfull store.
Grace was the Root, and thou thy selfe the Tree,
Sweet couplets were the Berries grew on thee.

Wit was the branch that did adorne the Stocke,
Reason the Leafe vpon those branches spred,
Vnder thy shaddow did the *Muses* flocke,
And (by Thee) as a mantle couered

But what befell, O, too much out of kinde!

For thou wast blasted by a West-on winde.

R. Ca.

B

OF

Of Sir Thomas Ouerburie his Wife and Marriage.

WHĒ I behold this Wife of thine so faire,
So far remou'd frō vulgar beauties (aire
Being lesse bright and pure) me thinks I see
An vncloth'd Soule, by potent Alchymy
Extraught from ragged matter. Thou hast made
A wife more innocent then any Maide,
Enah's state, before the fall, decyphered here,
And *Plato's* naked vertue's not more cleare
Such an *Idea* as scarce wishes can
Arriue at, but our Hopes must ne're attaine
A Soule so far beyond the common Make
As scorn'd corporeall ioyning. For her sake
(Despairing else cōtract) Thou too turn'st Soules
And to enioy her faires without controule,
Cast'st off this bodies clog: so must all do,
Cast matter off, who would abstractions woo.
To flie so soone then (Soule) well hast thou done:
For in this life, such beauties are not won.
But when I call to mind thine vnripe fall,
And so sad summons to thy Nuptiall,
Either, in her thy bold desires did taste
Forbidden fruit, and haue this Curse purchaft.
Or, hauing this Elixir made thine owne
(Drawne from the remnant of Creation,)

The *faces* their malignant Spirits breathe,
To punish thine ambitious loue with death.
Or, thy much enuide choyce hath made the rest
Of Concrete Relicts point their aymes infest
To thy conclusion. And with them seduc'd
Friendship (displeas'd to see a Loue produc'd
Lesse carnall then it selfe) with policy
So pure and chaste a Loue to nullifie.
Yet howsoe'r, their project flies in smoke
The poysons' cordiall,

which they meant should choke:

Their deeds of darkness, like the Bridall Night,
Hauc ioin'd spirituall Louers in despight
Of false attempts: And now the wedding's done;
When in this life such faires had not bin won.

E.G.

To the Bankes.

THou wofull Widdow, once happy wife,
That didst enioy so sweet a Mate :
Who, now bereaued is of Life,
Vntimely wrought, through inward hate.
O Deed most vile, to haste the end
Of him, that was so good a friend !

F.H.

On this excellent Poem,
the Wife.

Loe here the matchlesse patterne of a Wife,
Disciphered in forme of Good, and Bad:

The Bad commendes the Good, as darke doth
Or as a loathed Bed a single Life; (Light,
The good, with wisdom and discretion clad
With Modestie, and faire domestic dight,
Whose reason doth her will to loue inuite.

Reason begot, and passion bred her Loue,
Self-will she shun'd, Firnes the Marriage made;
Fitnes doth cherish Loue, Selfe-will Debate.

Loe thus, and in this Monument of prooffe
A perfect Wife, a Worke nor time can fade,
Nor loose respect betray to mortall Fate.

This none can equall; Best, but imitate.

R.C.

On Sir Thomas Overburie

Poem, the VVife.

I Am glad yet ere I die, I have found occasion
Honest & iust, without the worlds perswasio,
Or flattery or bribery, to commend
A woman for her goodnesse; and God send
I may find many more: I wish them well (fell,
They are pretty things to play with; when *Enc*
She tooke a care that all the Women-kinde
That were to follow her, should be as blinde
As she was wilfull; and till this good wife,
This piece of Vertues that ne're tooke her life
From a fraile Mothers labour: Those stand still
As marginalls to point vs to our ill,
Came to the world, as other creatures doe,
That know no God but will; we learnd to woo,
And if she were but faire, and could but kisse,
Twenty to one we could not chuse amisse;
And as we iudge of trees, if straight and tall
That may be found, yet neuer till the fall (now
Finde how the raine hath drill'd them; so till
We onely knew we must lone; but not how:
But here we haue example, and so rare,
That if we hold but common sence and care,
And steere by this Card; he that goes awry,
He holdly say at his Natiuitie,

That man was seal'd a foole: yet all this good
Giuen as it is, not cloath'd in flesh and blood,
Some may auerre & strongly, 'twas meere ment
In way of practice, but not president;
Either will make vs happy men; for he
That marrieth any way this mystery,
Or any parcell of that benefite,
Though hee take hold of nothing but the wit,
Hath got himselfe a partner for his life,
More then a woman, better then a Wife.

I. F.

Eiusdem in Eadem.

AS from a man the first fraile woman came,
The first that ouer made vs know our shame,
And finde the curse of labour; so againe,
Goodnesse and understanding found a Man
To take this shame away; and from him sprong
A piece of excellence without a Tongue,
Because it should not wrong vs; yet the life
Makes it appeare, a woman and a Wife.
And this is mee, if euer Woman shall
Doe good hereafter; borne to blesse our fall.

I. F.
ON

On Sir Thomas Overburies Poem, the Wife.

VVere every beauty, every severall grace,
Which is in women, in one womans face,
Som courtly Gallants might, I think, come to her,
Which would not wed her, tho they seem'd to
Settled affectiōs follow not the Eye, (woo her.
Reason & Iudgement must their course descry.
Pigmaliōns Image made of marble stone,
Was lik'd of all, belou'd of him alone,
But here's a Dame growne husbandlesse of late,
Which not a man but wished were his Mate.
So faire without, so free from spot within,
That earth seemes here to stand exempt from
Iuno vouchsafe, and *Hymen*, when I wed, (fin.
I may behold this Widdow in my Bed.

D.T.

B4

On

On the VVife.

BEauty affords contentment to the Eye,
Riches are meanes to cure a weake estate,
Honour illustrates what it commeth nie:
To marry thus, mé count it happy fare. (shroud,
Vertue they think doth in these Emblemes
But trial shewes che are gulled with a Cloud.

These are but complements; the inward worth,
The outward carriage, gesture, wit, and grace,
Is that alone that sets a Woman forth:
And in this woman, these haue each a place.
Were al wiues such: This age would happy be,
But happier that of our Posteritie.

D.T.

On the VVife.

VVEl hast thou said, that womé should be (such;
And were they that, had but a third as
I would be marri'd too, but that I know (much,
Not what she is, but should be thou dost show:
So let me praise thy worke, and let my life
Be single, or thy Widdow be my wife.

X.Z.

On the VVife:

THIS perfect Creature, to the Easterne vs
Liu'd, whilst a wife retir'd from common
Not that her Louer fear'd the least abuse, (show:
But with the wisest knew it fitter so:
Since, false a widdow, and a zealous one,
She would haue sacrificde her selfe agen,
But importun'd to life, is now alone,
Lou'd, woo'd, admir'd, by all wise single men,
Which, to th' adultrous rest, that dare begin
Their vs'd temptations, were a mortall sinne.

To the Wife.

EXpos'd to all thou wilt lesse worthy seeme,
I feare: Wiues common, all men disesteeme;
Yet some things haue a differing Fate: some fret.
We doubt of wares which are in corners set:
Hid Medals rust, which being vs'd grow bright;
The day more friendeth vertue then the night.
Thou tho more common, then maist seem more:
I only wish thou maist be vnderstood. (good,

G.R.

To the cleane contrary Wife.

(taine
Look here:& chide those spirits which main-
Their empire, with a strong cōmand in you,
That all good eies, which do your follies view,
Pitty, what you for them must once sustaine:
O from those Euils, which free Soules disdain
To be acquainted with, (and but pursue (true.)
Worst Minds) from them (as hatefull as vn-
By reading this, for Fames faire sake refraine:
Who would let feed vpon her birth, the brood
Of lightnesse, indiscretion, and the shame
Of foule incontinence, when the base blood
Is carelesse onely of an Honour'd Name?
Be all that gentle are, more high Improu'd,
For loose Dames are but flatter'd, neuer Lou'd.

W. Stra.

Of the choyce of a Wife,

IF I were to chuse a Woman,
As who knowes but I may marry?
I would trust the eye of no man,
Ner a tongue that may miscarry:
For in way of loue and Glory,
Each tongue best tells his owne story.

First, to make my choyce the bolder,
I would haue her childe to such,
Whose free vertues lyues are older
When Antiquity can touch:
For tis seldome scene, that bloud
Giues a beauty great and good.

Yet an ancient stocke may bring
Branches, I confesse, of worth,
Like rich mantles shadowing
Those descents that brought them forth,
Yet such Hills, though gilded show,
Soonest feele the Age of snow.

Therefore

Of the choyce of a Wife.

Therefore to prevent such care
That repentance soone may bring,
Like Marchants I would choose my ware,
Use full good, not glittering.

He that weds for state or face,
Buyes a Horse, to lose a Race.

Yet I would have her faire as any,
But her owne not kist away:
I would have her free to many,
Looke on all like equall day;
But descending to the Sea,
Make her set with none but me.

If shee be not tall, tis better;
For that word, A goodly Woman,
Prints it selfe in such a letter,
That it leaues vnstudie to no man:
I would have my Mistris grow,
Onely tall to answer No.

Yet

Of the choyce of a Wife.

Yet I would not haue her lose
So much breeding, as to fline
Vnbecomming scorne on those
That must worship euery thing.
Let her feare loose lookes to scatter:
And loose men will soare to flatter.

Children I would haue her beare,
More for loue of name then bed:
So each childe I haue his heire
To another maydens head;
For she that in the Act's afraid,
Euery night's another maide.

Such a one, as when shee's woo'd,
Blushes not for ill thoughts past;
But so innocently good,
That her dreames are euer chaste;
For that Maide that thinks a sin
Has betraide the Fort shee's in.

Of the choyce of a Wife.

In my visitation still,
I would haue her scatter feares;
How this man, and that was ill,
After protestations Teares.
And who vowes a constant life,
Crownes a meritorious Wife.

When the Priest first giues our bands,
I would haue her thinke but thus;
In what high and holy bands
Heauen, like twins, hath planted vs,
That like Aarons rod, together
Both may bud; grow greene, and wither.

An

An Elegie in praise of Sir Thomas Overburie, and his Poem.

TIs dangerous to be good: well may we praise
Honesty, or *Innocence*; but who can raise
A pow'r, that shal secur't gainst wrōgs to come,
When such a *Saint* hath suffer'd *Martyrdome*?

Iniurious hands, which'cause they could not get
The *gemme*, would therefore spoile the *Cabinet*.
But though the *cage* be broke, the *bird* is flowne
To *heaven* her proper and securer home:

Where'mongst a quire of *Saints*, and *Cherubins*,
Of *Angels*, *Thrones*, and *Seraphims*, she sings
Those sacred *Halleluabs*: *heaven* may boast
T'haue got that *Angel* there which we haue lost:
But we shall still complaine, for to vs *here*,
A *Saint* is more losse then a *Throne* is *there*.

That *Firmament* of holy *fires* which we
Enioy'd, whilst thou wert, by enioying thee,
Lyes now rak't vp in *ashes*, as the light
Of day, the *Sunne* once gon, is drown'd in night.
But as the *Moone*, sometime, the *Sun* being set,
Appeares, and we a new (though lesse) light get;
So though our greatest *lamps* of vertue be,
By cruell Fate *extinguished*, in thee,
Yet to adde some fresh *oyle* t'our *sunns* of life,
Thou hast behinde thee, left a matchlesse *Wife*:

VVhe

Who hath (since that sad time her Husband died)
Beene woo'd by many, for a second bride:
But like a chaste religious widdow, she
Hauing lost her first mate, scornes *bigamie*.

P.B. *medy Temp.*

A Statue erected in memory of Sir Thomas Ouerbury his Wife.

Vpon a *Marble* fram'd by th' cunningst hand
In garments Greene, and orient to behold,
Like a most lonely *Virgin* let her stand,
And on her head a crowne of purest gold.
First, let religion in her hart haue place. (spring,
As th' ground & fountaine whence all vertues
So that each thought being sanctified by Grace:
The punishment t' escape, that's due to sinne.
Let *Beauty* (ioyn'd with modesty) appeare
Loves object in her face; and chastity
In her faire eyes, brighter then chrystal cleare,
Wherein life moues affections, led thereby.
In her hands *charity*, and at the right
The holy Angels let protecting be.

And

And at the left Gods mercies shining bright,
 Distributing to each necessitie.
 Let th'earth his riches yeeld to her, and more
 The heauens their influence, and by the same
 Vnto the blinde their sight let her restore;
 Strength'ning the weak, & raising vp the lame,
 Vnder her feete the Diuell and darknesse set,
 Let Pride fall bound in chaines behinde her lye,
Base selfe-Loue, not appeare in place, and let
Foule-Lust, and *Enuy* from her presence flie,
 And on her *Brest*, in golden letters write
Heauens best belou'd, earths chiefeft delight.

(Wife,
 He that (in's Choice) would meete with such a
 Must vow virginity and single life.

On Sir Thomas Overbury and his W I F E.

ALL right, all wrong befalls me through a Wife,
 A Bad one gave me Death, a Good one Life.

C

An

An Elegy vpon the Death of SIR Thomas Ouerbury

Knight, poysoned in
the Tower.

HAdst thou like other Sirs and Knights of worth,
Sickned and did, bin stretcht out, and laid forth,
After thy farewell Sermon taken earth,
And lost no deed to praise thee, but thy birth,
Then Ouerbury, by a passe of theirs,
Thou might'st haue ryded hence in two houres teares,
Then had we worne the sprigs of memory
No longer then thy friends did Rosemary;
Or than the doale was eating for thy sake,
And thou hadst sunke in thine owne wine and cake;
But since it was so ordered and thought fit
By some who know thy truth, and fear'd thy wit,
Thou shouldst be poyson'd; Death hath done thee grace,
Ranckt thee aboue the region of thy place,
For none heares poyson nam'd, but makes reply
What Prince was that? what Statesman so did die?
In this thou hast out-dyde an Elegie,
Which were too narrow for posterity,
And thy strong poyson which did seeme to kill,
Working afresh in some Historians quill,
Shall now preserue thee longer ere thou rot,
Then could a Poem mixt with Antidot;

Nor needst thou trust a Herald with thy name,
That art the voyce of Iustice and of Fame;
Whilst mine (detesting her owne conscience) strives
To pay the use and interest of lines.
Enough of ryme, and might it please the Law,
Enough of blood; for naming lines I saw,
He that writes more of thee, must write of more,
Which I affect not; but referre men ore
To Tyburne, by whose Art they may define
What life of man is worth in valuing thine.

On Sir Thomas Querburie.

THough dumb, deaf, dead, I cry, I heare, I kill:
Thou growne a Politician' gainst my will.

J.M.

C 2

An

*An Elegy on the late Lord Wil-
liam Howard, Baron of Effing-
ham, dead the tenth of December, 1615.*

I Did not know thee, Lord, nor doe I strive
To winne access, or grace, with Lords alive:
The dead I serue, from whence nor faction can
Moue me, nor fauour: nor a greater man.
To whom no vice comends me, nor bribe sent,
From whom no Penance warnes, nor portion
To these I dedicate as much of me (spent,
As I can spare from my owne husbandry:
And till Ghosts walk, as they were wont to doe,
I trade for some, and doe those errands too:
But first I doe enquire, and am assur'd,
What tryals in their Iourneys they endur'd,
What certainties of Honor & of worth, (forth,
Their most vncertaine Life-times haue brought
And who so did least hurt of this small sort,
He is my patron, di'd he rich or poore.
First I will know of Fame (after his peace,
When Flattery and Enuy both doe cease)
Who rul'd his actions: Reason, or my Lord?
Did the whole man relie vpon a word,
A badge of Title, or aboue all chance
Seem'd he as Ancient as his Cognisance?

What

What did he? acts of mercy, and refraine
 Oppression in himselfe, and in his Train?
 Was his essentiall Table full as free,
 As Boasts and invitations vse to be?
 Where if his Russet-friend did chance to dine,
 Whether his Satten-man would fill him wine.
 Did he thinke periurie as lou'd a sinne,
 Himselfe forsworne, as if his slaue had beene?
 Did he seeke Regular pleasures, was he knowne
 Iust Husband of one VVife, and she his owne?
 Did he giue freely without pause, or doubt,
 And read petitions, ere they were worne out?
 Or should his well-deseruing *Clyent* aske,
 VVould he bestow a Tilting, or a Maske
 To keep need vertuous? And that done not feare
 VVhat Lady damn'd him for his absence there?
 Did he attend the Court for no mans fall?
 VVore he the ruine of no Hospitall?
 And when he did his rich apparrell don,
 Put he no VVidow nor an Orphan on?
 Did he loue simple vertue for the thing,
 The King for no respect but for the King?
 But aboue all, did his Religion waite
 Vpon Gods Throne, or on the chaire of state?
 He that is guilty of no *Quere* here,
 Out-lasts his Epitaph, out-lives his Heyre.
 But there is none such, none so little bad,
 VVho but this negatiue goodnesse euer had?

Of such a Lord we may expect the birth,
 Hee's rather in the wombe then on the earth.
 And 'twere a Crime in such a publike fate,
 For one to liue well and degenerate:
 And therefore I am angry, when a name
 Comes to vpbraide the World like *Effingham*.
 Nor was it modest in thee to depart
 To thy eternall home, where now thou art;
 Ere thy reproach was ready : or to die,
 Ere custome had prepar'd thy calumny.
 Eight dayes haue past since thou hast paid thy
 To sinne, and not a libell stirring yet, (debt
 Courtiers that scoffe by Patent, silent sit,
 And haue no vse of Slander, or of wit: (tide,
 But (which is monstrous) though against the
 The Water-men haue neither rayld nor lide.
 Of good and bad there's no distinction knowne,
 For in thy praise the good and bad are one.
 It seemes we all are couetous of Fame,
 And hearing what a purchase of good name
 Thou lately mad'st, are carefull to encrease
 Our title by the holding of some lease (cruel
 From thee our Land-lord, and for that th' who'e
 Speake now like Tenants ready to renew :
 It were too sad to tell thy pedegree,
 Death hath disordred all, misplacing thee,
 Whil't now thy Herauld in his line of heyres
 Blots out thy name, & fills the space with teares.
 And

And thus hath conqu'ring death, or nature rather
Made thee preposi'tious ancient to thy Father,
Who grieues th'art so, and like a glorious light
Shines ore thy Hearse.

He therefore that would write
And blaze thee throughly, may at once say all,
Here lies the Anchor of our Admirall.
Let others write for glory or reward,
Truth is well paid, when she is sung and heard.

Ad Comitissam Rutlandie.

MAdame, so may my verses pleasing be,
So you may laugh at them, and not at me.
'Tis something to you gladly I would say,
But how to do't, I cannot find the way.
I would auoyd the common beaten waies
To Woman vsed, which are loue or praise :
As for the first, the little wit I haue,
Is not yet growne so neere vnto the graue,
But that I can by that dimme fading light,
Perceiue of what, and vnto whom I write.
Let such as in a hopelesse witlesse rage,
Can sigh a quire, and read it to a Page ;
Such as can make ten Sonnets ere they rest,
When each is but a great blot at the best :
Such as do backs of books and windowes fill,
With their too furious Diamond or quill ;

Such as were well resolu'd to end their daies,
With a loud laughter blowne beyond the Seas;
VWho are so mortifide, that they can liue
Contemn'd of all the world, and yet forgieue.
VVrite loue to you: I would not willingly
Be pointed at in enery company,
As was that little Taylor, who till death,
VWas hot in loue with *Qu. Elizabeth*,
And for the last in all my idle daies,
I neuer yet did lining woman praise
In prose or verse: And when I doe beginne,
Ile picke some woman out, as full of sinne
As you are full of vertue, with a soule
As black, as yours is white: A face as foule
As yours is beautifull, for it shall be,
Out of the rules of Phisiognomie,
So farre, that I doe feare I must displace
The Art a little, to let in her face:
It shall at least foure Faces be below
The deuils; and her parched corps shall show,
In her loole skin, as if some sprite she were,
Kept in a bag by some great Coniurer:
Her breath shall be as horrible and vild,
As eu'ry word you speake is sweete and mild,
It shall be such a one, as will not be
Couer'd with any Art or policie.
But let her take all powders, fumes, and drinke,
She shall make nothing but a dearer stinke.

She

She shall haue such a foot, and such a nose,
As will not stand in any thing but prose:
If I bestow my praises vpon such,
Tis Charity and I shall merit much.
My praise will come to her like a full boule,
Bestow'd at most need on a thirsty soule;
Where if I sing your praises in my Ryme,
I lose my Inke, my Paper, and my time;
And nothing adde to your o'reflowing store,
And tel you nought but what you knew before.
Nor do the vertuous minded (which I sweare,
Madame, I thinke you are) endure to heare
Their own perfections into questions brought,
But stop their Eares at them; for if I thought
You tooke a pride to haue your vertues known,
Pardon me, Madame, I should thinke them none.
To what a length is this strange letter growne,
In seeking of a subiect, yet finds none?
But your braue thoughts, which I much respect
Aboue your glorious Titles, shall accept
These harsh disorder'd Lines, I shall ere long
Dresse vp your vertues new, in a new song;
Yet far from all base praise and flattery,
Although I know what ere my Verses be,
They will like the most seruile flatterer show,
If I write truth, and make the subiect you.

An Elegie on the Death of the *L A D Y*

Rusland.

May forget to drinke, to eate, to sleepe,
Remembring thee, but when I do, to weepe
In wel weigh'd lines, that men shal at thy hearse
Enny the sorrow, which broght forth my verse;
May my dull vnderstanding haue the might.
Onely to know her last was yesternight?
Rusland the faire is dead, or if to heare
The name of *Sidney* will more force a teare,
Tis she that is so dead; and yet there be
Some more alive, professe not poetrie:
The Statesmen and the Lawyers of our time
Haue businesse still, yet doe it not in rime:
Can she be dead, and can there be of those
That are so dull, to say their prayers in prose?
It is three daies since she did feele Deaths hand,
And yet this Isle not call the Poets Land?
Hath this no new ones made, and are the old
At such an needfull time as this growne cold?
They all say they would faine, but yet they plead
They cannot write, because their Muse is dead.
Heare me then speak which will take no excuse,
Sorrow can make a verse without a Muse.

Why

Why didst thou die so soone? O pardon me,
I know, it was the longest life to thee,
That ere with modesty was cald a span,
Since the Almighty left to strue with man;
Mankind is sent to sorrow; and thou hast
More of the busines which thou cam'st for past,
Then all those aged Women which yet quicke
Haue quite out-liu'd their owne Arithmeticke.
As soone as thou couldst apprehend a griefe,
There were enow to meete thee, and the chiefe
Blessing of women; marriage was to thee
Nought but a sacrament of Miseric:
For whom thou hadst, if we may trust to Fame,
Could nothing change about thee, but thy name
A name which who (that were again to doo't)
Would change without a thousand ioyes to boot:
In all things else: thou rather ledst a life
Like a betrothed Virgin then a Wife.
But yet I would haue cald thy Fortune kind,
If it had onely tride the settled minde,
With present crosses; Not the loathed thought
Of worse to come, or past, then might haue
Thy best remembrance to haue cast an eie (wrought
Backe with de light vpon thine infancie:
But thou hadst ere thou knewst the vse of teares
Sorrow laid vp against thou comst to yeeres,
Ere thou wert able, who thou wert to tell,
By a sad warre thy noble Father fell.

In

In adull clime which did not vnderstand
What 't was to venture him, to saue a Land;
He left two children, who for vertue, wit,
Beauty, were lou'd of all; Thee and his wit;
Two was too few, yet death hath from vs took
Thee, a more faultlesse issue, then his Booke,
Which now the onely living thing we haue
From him, wee'l see, shall neuer finde a graue
As thou hast done: alas, would it might be,
That bookes their Sexes had as well as we,
That we might see this married to the worth,
And many Poems like it selfe bring forth:
But this vaine with Diuinity controules,
For neither to the Angels, nor to soules,
Nor any thing he meant should euer liue,
Did the wise God of Nature sexes giue;
Then with his euerlasting worke alone
We must content our selues since she is gone;
Gone like the day thou dyed'st vpon, and we
May call that backe againe as soone as thee. (all
Who should haue lookt to this, where were you
That doe your selues, the helpes of Nature call
Physicians? I acknowledge you were there
To sell such words as one in health would heare:
So dyde she: Curst be he who shall defend
Your Art of halting Nature to an end.
In this you shew'd that Physicke can but be
At best, an Art, to cure your pouertie.

Yare

Y^e are many of you Impostors, and doe giue
To sicke men potions that your selues, may liue.
He that hath surfeited, and cannot eate,
Must haue a med^cine to procure you meate,
And that's the deepest ground of all your skill,
Vnlesse it be some knowledge how to kill.
Sorrow and madnesse make my verses flow
Crosse to my vnderstanding. For I know
You can doe wonders; euery day I meete
The looser sort of people in the street
From desperate diseases freed, and why
Restore you them, and suffer her to dye?
Why should the State allow you Colledges,
Pensions for Lectures, and Anatomies?
If all your potions, vomits, letting blood,
Can onely cure the bad, and not the good?
Which onely they can doe, and I will show
The hidden reason why, you did not know
The way to cure her. You beleeu'd her blood
Ran in such courses as you vnderstood,
By Lectures you beleeu'd her Arteries
Grew as they doe in your Anatomies,
Forgetting that the State allowes you none,
But only whores and theeu^es to practise on:
And euery passage about them. I am sure
You vnderstood, and onely them can cure,
Which is the cause that both ——
Are noted for enioying so long liues.

But noble blood treads in too strange a path
For your ill-got Experience ; and hath
Another way of cure. If you haue seene
Penelope disiected, or the Queene
Of *Sheba*, then you might haue found a way
To haue preserued from that fatall day.
As tis. You haue but made her sooner blest,
By sending her to heauen, where let her rest.
I will not hurt the peace which shee should
By longer looking in her quiet graue. (haue,

FINIS.





THE METHOD.

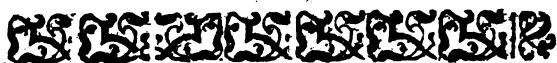
First, of Marriage, and the effect thereof; Children. Then of his country, Lust; then for his choyce, first, his opinion negatively, what should not be: the First, causes of it, that is, neither Beauty, Birth, nor Portion. Then affirmatively, what should be, of which kind there are four: Goodnesse, Knowledge, Discretion, and as a second thing, Beauty. The first onely absolutely good: the other being built upon the first, doe likewise become so. Then the application of that woman by love to himselfe, which makes her a Wife. And lastly, the only condition of a Wife, Fittnesse.

A WIFE.

Each Woman is a *briefe* of Womankind,
And doth in little even as much containe,
As, in one Day and Night, all life we find,
Of either, More, is but the same againe:
God fram'd Her so, that to her Husband She,
As *Ens*, should all the world of woman be.

So





A W I F E.

So fram'd he *Both*, that *neither* power he gave
Use of themselves, but by *exchange* to make:
Whence in their face, the *Faire* no pleasure have,
But by *reflex* of what thence *other* take.

Our Lips in their owne Kisse no pleasure find:
Toward their proper Face, our eyes are blind.

So God in *Eue* did perfect *Man*, begun;
Till then, in vaine much of himselfe he had:
In *Adam*, God created onely *one*,
Eue & the world to come, in *Eue* he made. (straites,
-We are *two halves*: whiles each from other
Both barren are; *Joind*, *both* their like can raise.

At first, both *Sexes* were in *Man* combine,
Man, *She*-*Man* did in his body breed;
Adam was *Eue*, *Eue* Mother of Mankind,
Eue from *Lust*-*flash*, *Man* did from *Dust* proceed
One, thus made *two*, *Marriage* doth re-vnise,
And make them but both one *Hermaphrodite*.

Man





A WIFE

Man did but the *well-being* of this life
 From *Woman* take ; her *Being* shee from *Man* :
 And therefore *Eue* created was a *Wife*,
 And at the end of all her *Sex*, began :
Marriage their object is: their *Being* then,
 And now *Perfection*, they receiue from *Man*.

Marriage; to all whose ioyes *two parties* be,
 And *doubled* are by being parted so,
 Wherein the very *Act* is *Chastitie*,
 Whereby *two soules* into *one Body* go.
 Which makes *two, one*: while here they liuing be,
 And after death in their *posterity*.

God to each *Man* a *private Woman* gaue,
 That in that *Center* his desires might stint,
 That he a *comfort* like himselfe might haue,
 And that on her *his like* he might imprint,
Double is *Womans use*, part of their end,
 Doth on *this Age*, part on the *next* depend.

D

VV





A WIFE.

In the Degrees, high rather, be she plait,
Of *Nature*, then of *Art*, and *Policy* :
Gentry is but a *relique* of time past :
And *Loue* doth only but the *present* see; (same
Things were first made, then *words*: she were the
With, or without, that title or that name.

As for (the oddes of Sexes) *Portion*,
Nor will I shun it, nor may aime it make ;
Birth, *Beauty*, *Wealth*, nothing worth alone,
All these I would for *good additions* take,
Nor for *Good parts*; those two are ill combin'd,
Whom, any *third* thing frō *themselves* hath ioin'd

Rather then these the object of my *Loue*,
Let it be *Good*; when these with vertue go,
They (in themselves *indifferent*) vertues proue,
For *Good* (like fire) turnes all things to be so.
Gods Image in Her Soule, O let me place
My *Loue* vpon! not *Adams* in her Face.

Good





A W I F E.

Good, is a fairer attribute then *White*,
Tis the *minde* *Beauty* keeps the *other* sweete ;
That's not still one, nor mortall with the light,
Nor glosse, nor painting can it counterfeite :
Nor doth it raise desires, which euer tend
At once, to their perfection and their end.

By *Good* I would haue *Holy* vnderstood,
So *God* shee cannot loue, but also *mee*,
The Law requires our *words* and *deeds* be good,
Religion euen the *Thoughts* doth sanctifie :
As shee is more a *Maid* that *rauisht* is,
Then Shee which onely doth but *wish* *amisse*.

Lust onely by *Religion* is withstood,
Lusts object is aliue, his strength within ;
Mortality resists but in *cold blood* ;
Respect of *Credit* feareth *shame*, not *sin*.
But no place darke enough for such offence
She findes, thats *match*, by her owne *conscience*.





A W I F E,

But Physicke for our *lust* their bodies be,
But matter fit to shew our loue vpon :
But onely *shells* for our posterity,
Their soules were giu'n lest men should be alone ;
For but the *Soules Interpreters*, words be,
Without which *Bodies* are no company.

That goodly frame we see of flesh and blood,
Their *fashion* is not weight ; it is I say
But their *Lay-part* ; but well digested food ;
This but twixt *Dust*, and *Dust*, lifes middle way ;
The worth of it is nothing that is *seen*,
But only that it holds a *Soule* within.

And all the carnall *Beauty* of my VVife,
Is but skin-deepe, but to two senses knowne ;
Short euen of pictures, shorter liu'd the Life,
And yet the *loue* suruiues, that's built thereon ;
For our *Imagination* is too high,
For *Bodies* when they meet, to satisfie.

All





A W I F E.

All Shapes, all Colours, are *alike* in *Night*,
Nor doth our *Touch* distinguish *foule* or *faire* ;
But mans *imagination*, and his *sight*,
And those, but the first weake; by *Custome* are
Both made alike, which differed at first *view*;
Nor can that difference *absence* much renew.

Nor can that *Beauty*, lying in the *Face*,
But meerely by *imagination* be
Enioy'd by vs, in an *inferiour* place.
Nor can that *Beauty* by *enjoying* me
Make *ours* become; so our *desire* growes tame,
We changed are, but it remains the same.

Birch, lesse then *Beauty*, shall my reason blinde,
Her *Birch* goes to my *Children*, not to me :
Rather had I that *altine* *Gentrese* finde,
Virtue, then *passive* from her *Ancettry* ;
Rather in her *aline* one vertue see,
Then all the rest dead in her *Pedigree*.



A W I F E.

We fill but *part* of *time*, and cannot dye,
Till we the world a *fresh supply* haue lent.

Children are *Bodies* sole *Eternity*;

Nature is *Gods*, *Art* is *mans* instrument.

Now all *mans Art* but only dead things makes,
But herein *man* in things of *life* partakes.

For wandring *Lust*; I know tis infinite,
It still *begins*, and addes not more to more.

The *guilt* is euerlasting, the *delight*,
This instant doth not feele, of *that* before.

The *taste* of it is onely in the *Sense*,

The *operation* in the *Conscience*.

Woman is not *Lusts* bounds, but *Woman-kinde*;

One is *Loves* number: who from that doth fall,

Hath lost his hold, and no *new rest* shall finde;

Vice hath no meane, but not to be at all.

A *Wife* is that enough, *Lust* cannot finde;

For *Lust* is still with want, or too much, pinde.

Bate





A WIFE.

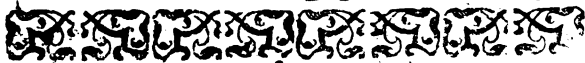
Bate *lust* the Sin; my share is eu'a with his,
For *Not to lust*, and to *Enjoy* is one :
And more or lesse past, *equall* Nothing is ;
I still haue *one*, Lust *one at once*, alone :
And though the woman often changed be,
Ye Hee's the same without variety.

Marriage our *lust* (as twere with fuel fire)
Doth, with a medicine of the same, allay;
And nor forbid, but rectifie desire.
My selfe I cannot chuse, *my wife* I may:
And in the choise of *Her*, it much doth lye,
To mend my selfe in my posterity.

Or rather let me *Loue*, then be in loue ;
So let me chuse, as *Wife* and *Friend* to finde,
Let me forget her *Sex*, when I approve :
Beasts likenesse lies in shape, but ours in minde :
Our *Soules* no *Sexes* haue, their Loue is cleane,
No *Sex*, both in the better part are men.

D 2

Bu.





A WIFE.

Then may I trust her *Body* with her *mind*,
 And, thereupon secure neede neuer know
 The pangs of *Lealousie*: and *Loue* doth find
 More paine to *doubt* her false, then *know* her so:
 For *Patience* is, of euils that are knowne,
 The certaine Remedie; but *Doubt* hath none.

And be that thought *once* stirr'd, twill neuer die:
 Nor will the grieue more milde by custome proue,
 Nor yet *Amendment* can it satisfie.
 The *Anguish* more or lesse, is as our *loue*;
 This miserie doth *Lealousie* ensue,
 That we may proue her *false*, but cannot *True*.

Suspicious may the will of *Lust* restraine,
 But *God* preuents from hauing such a *will*;
 A *Wife* that's *Good*, doth *Chast* and more containe,
 For *Chast* is but an *Abstinence* from ill:
 And in a *Wife* that's *Bad*, although the best
 Of qualities; yet in a *Good* the last.

To





A WIFE.

To beare the meanes is *Care*, not *Sealousie*;
 Some *lawfull* things to be auoyded are,
 When they *occasion* of *vnlawfull* bee:
 Lust ere it hurts, is best descryd afarre:
 Lust is a sinne *of two*; hee that is sure
 Of *either* part, may be of *both* secure.

Giue me next *Good*, an *vnnderstanding* *Wife*,
 By Nature *wise*, not *Learned* by much Art,
 Some *Knowledge* on Her side, will all my life
 More scope of conuersation impart:
 Besides her inborne vertue fortifie.
 They are most firmly good, that best know why.

A *passiue vnnderstanding* to conceiue,
 And iudgement to discerne, I wish to finde:
 Beyond that, all as hazardous I leaue;
Learning and *pregnant wis* in woman-kinde,
 What it findes malleable, makes fraile,
 And doth not adde more *ballast*, but more *saile*.
Domesticks





A W I F E.

Where *goodnesse* failes, twixt ill and ill *that* stands:
Whence tis, that *women* though they weaker be,
And their desire mores strong, yet on their hands
The *Chastity* of *men* doth often lye:

Lust would more common be then any one,
Could it as other sinnes be done *alone*.

All these *good parts* a *Perfekt woman* make:
Adde *Loue to me*, they make a *Perfekt Wife*:
VVithout her *Loue*, Her *Beauty* should I take,
As that of *Picture*; dead; *That* giues it life:
Till then Her *Beauty* like the Sun doth shine
Alike to all; *That* makes it, onely *mine*.

And of that *Loue*, let *Reason* Father be,
And *Passion* Mother; let it from the one
His *Being* take, the other his *Degree*;
Selfe-loue (which second Loues hath built vpon)
VVill make *me* (if not *Her*) her loue respect;
No man but fauours his owne worths effect.

As





A WIFE.


As *Good* and *wife* ; so be shee *Fit* for mee,
That is, To *will*, and *Nor* to *will* the same,
My *Wife* is my *Adopted selfe*, and shee
As Me, so what I loue, to Loue must frame.

For when by Marriage both in one concurre,
VVoman conuertts to man, not man to her.

FINIS.

The Authours Epitaph, written by himselfe.

THe Span of my daies measur'd, heere I rest,
That is my body, but my soule his guest;
Is hence ascended: whither, neither Time,
Nor Faith, nor Hope, but onely Loue can clime;
Where being now enlightned, Shee doth know
The Truth of all men argue of below :
Onely this dust doth here in pawne remaine,
That, when the world dissolues, she come againe.





A WIFE.

So faire at least let me imagine Her ;
That thought to *me*, is *Truth* : *opinion*
Cannot in matter of *opinion* erre ;
With no eyes shall I see her but *mine owne*.
And as my *Fancy* Her conceiues to be,
Euen such my Senses both, doe *Feele* and *See* :

The *Face* we may the seat of *Beauty* call, -
In it the rellish of the rest doth lye,
Nay eu'n a figure of the *Minde* withall :
And of the *Face*, the *Life* moues in the *Eye*;
No things else, being *two* so like we see,
So like, that they, *two* but in number, be.

Beauty in decent shape, and *Colours* lies.
Colours the matter are, and shape the *Soule*;
The *Soule*, which from no single part doth rise,
But from the iust proportion of the *whole*,
And is a meere *spirituall harmony*,
Of euery part vnited in the *Eye*.

Loe





A WIFE,

Loue is a kinde of *Superstition*,
Which feares the Idoll which it selfe hath fram'd:
Lust a Desire, which rather from his *owne*
Temper, then from the object is inflam'd:
Beauty is *Loues* object; *Woman* *Lust's* to gaine;
Loue, *Loue* Desires; *Lust*, onely to obtaine.

No circumstance doth *Beauty* beautifie,
Like gracefull *fashion*, native *Comeliness*.
Nay eu'n gets pardon for *Deformity*;
Art cannot beget, but may encrease;
When *Nature* had fixt *Beauty*, perfect made,
Something shee left for *Art* to adde.

But let that *Fashion* more to modesty
Tend, then *Assurance*: *Modesty* doth set
The face in her iust place, from *Passions* free,
Tis both the *Mindes*, and *Bodies* beauty met;
But *Modesty* no vertue can we see;
That is the faces onely *Chastity*.

Where





A WIFE.

Domesticke Charge doth best that *Sex* befit,
Contiguous businesse; so to fixe the Minde,
That *Leysure* space for *Fancies* not admit:
Their *Leysure* 'tis corrupteth *Woman-kind*:
Else, being plac'd from many vices free,
They had to Heav'n a shorter cut then we.

Bookes are a part of mans prerogative,
In formall Unke they *Thoughts* and *Voyces* hold,
That we to them our solitude may giue,
And make *Time-present* trauell that of *old*.

Our life, *Fame* peeceth longer at the end,
And *Bookes* it farther backward do extend,

As good, and knowing let her be *Discrete*,
That, to the others weight, doth *Fashion* bring;
Discretion doth consider what is *Fit*.

Goodnesse but what is *lawfull*; but the *Thing*,
Not *Circumstances*; *Learning* is and wit,
In men, but *curious folly* without it."

To





A WIFE.

To keepe their Name, when 'tis in others hands,
Discretion askes; their *Credit* is by farre
More fraile then *They*: on likelihoods it stands,
And hard to be disprou'd, *Lusts* *slanders* are.

Their *Carriage*, not their *Chastity* alone,
Must keepe their *Name* chaste from *suspicion*.

Womans *Behaviour* is a surer barre
Then is their *No: That* fairely doth *deny*,
Without *denying*; thereby kept they are
Safe eu'n from *Hope*; in part to blame is shee,
Which hath *without consent* bin only tride;
He comes too *neere*, that comes to be *denide*.

Now since a *Woman* wee to *marry* are,
A *Soule* and *Body*, not a *Soule* alone,
When one is *Good*, then be the other *Faire*;
Beauty is *Health* and *Beauty*, both in one;
Be she so faire, as change can yeeld no gaine;
So faire, as she most *Woman* else containe.

So





Characters.

OR,

*Wittie descriptions of the pro-
perties of sundry persons.*

A good Woman.



Good Woman is a com-
fort, like a man. Shee
lacks of him nothing but
heat. Thence is her sweet-
nesse of disposition which
meetes his stoutnesse
more plingly ; so wooll meets
Iron easier then Iron, and turnes



to a

Characters.

resisting into embracing. Her greatest learning is religion, and her thoughts are on her owne Sex, or on men, without casting the difference. *D. honestie* neuer comes neerer then her eares, and then wonder stops it out, and saues vertue the labour. Shee leaues the neat youth, telling his *lushious* tales, and puts backe the *Seruing-mans* putting forward, with a frowne: yett her kindnes is free enough to bee seen, for it hath no guilt about it: and her mirth is cleare, that you may looke through it, into vertue, but not beyond. She hath not behauiour at a certaine, but makes it to her occasion. She hath so much knowledge as to loue it; and if she haue it not at home, shee will fetch it, for this sometimes in a pleasant discontent shee dares chide her Sex, though she vse it neuer the worse. Shee is much within, and frames outward things to her minde, not her minde to them. She weares good cloathes, but neuer better; for shee findes no degree beyond *Decencie*. Shee hath a content o f

Characters.

her owne, and so seekes not an husband,
but findes him. She is indeed most, but
not much of discription, for shee is di-
rect and one, and hath not the variety of
ill. Now she is giuen fresh and alire to a
Husband; and shee doth nothing more
then loue him, for shee takes him to that
purpose. So his good becomes the bu-
sinesse of her actions, and shee doth her
selfe kindnesse vpon him. After his, her
chiefest vertue is a good husband. For

She is Fit.

A very Woman

A Very Woman, is a dow-ba't man;
or a She meant well towards man,
but fell two bowes short, strength and
understanding. Her vertue is the hedge,
Modesty, that keeps a man from clim-
bing ouer into her faults. Shee simpers
as if shee had no teeth but lips; and she
diuides her eyes, and keepes halfe for

Characters.

her selfe, and giues the other to her near
Youth. Being set downe, shee casts her
face into a platforme, which dureth the
meale, & is taken away with the voider.
Her draught reacheth to good manners,
not to thirst, and it is a part of their my-
stery not to professe hunger; but *Nature*
takes her in priuate and stretcheth her
vpon meat. Shee is *Marriageable* and
Fearlesse at once; and after shee doth
not lye, but tarry. Shee reads ouer her
face euery morning, and sometimes
blots out pale, and writes red. She thinks
she is faire, though many times her opi-
nion goes alone, and she loues her glasse,
and the Knight of the Sunne for lying.
She is hid away all but her face, & that's
hang'd about with toyes and deuices,
like the signe of a Tauerne, to draw
Strangers. If shee shew more, shee pre-
sents desire, and by too free giuing,
leaues no *Gift*. Shee may escape from
the Seruing-man, but not from the
Chamber-maide. Shee commits with
her cares for certaine: after that shee
may

Characters.

may goe for a maide, but she hath beene
lyen with, in her vnderstanding. Her
Philosophy, is a seeming neglect of those,
that be too good for her. Shee's a youn-
ger brother for her portion, but not for
her portion for wit, that comes from her
in a treble, which is still too bigge for
it; yet her *Vanitie* seldome matcheth
her, with one of her owne degree, for
then shee will beget another creature a
begger, and commonly, if she marry
better she marries worse. She gets much
by the simplicity of her Sutor, and for
a iest, laughs at him without one. Thus
shee dresses a husband for he selfe, and
after takes him for his patience, and the
Land adioyning, yee may see it; in a
Seruing-mans fresh *Naperie*, and his
Leg steps into an vnknowne stocking.
I neede not speake of his *Garters*, the
tassell shewes it selfe. If shee loue, she
loues not the Man, but the best of him.
Shee is *Salamons* cruell creature, and a
mans walking consumption: euery can-
dle she giues him, is a purge. Her chiefe

Characters.

commendation is, shee brings a man to repentance.

Her next part.

Her lightnesse gets her to swim at top of the table; where her wrie little fingers bewraies *carving*; her neighbors at the latter end know they are welcome, and for that purpose she quencheeth her thirst. She travels to and among, and so becomes a woman of good entertainment, for all the follie in the Country comes in cleane Linnin to visit her: she breaks to them her grieve in sugar cakes, and receiues from their mouths in exchange many stories that conclude to no purpose. Her eldest Son is like her howsoever, and that dispraiseth him best: her vtmost drift is to turne him Foole, which commonly shee obtaines at the yeeres of discretion. She takes a iourney sometimes to her Neeces house; but neuer thinkes beyond *London*. Her *Devotion* is good clothe, they carry her to Church, expresse their stiffe and fashi-

on, and are silent if she be more deuout, she lifts vp a certain number of eyes, in stead of prayers, and takes the Sermon, and measures out a nap by it, iust as long. Shee sends Religion afore to *Sixtie*, where she neuer ouertakes it, or drives it before her againe: Her most necessary instruments are a *watting Gentle-woman*, and a *Chamber-maide*; shee weares her Gentlewoman stil, but most often leaues the other in her Chamber window. She hath a little *Kennell* in her lap, and shee smells the sweeter for it. The vtmost reach of her *Providence*, is the fatnesse of a Capon, and her greatest enuy, is the next Gentlewomans better Gowne. Her most commendable skill, is to make her Husbands fustian beare her Velvet. This she doth many times over, and then is deliuered to old Age and a Chaire, where euery body leaues her.

Characters.

A dissembler

ISan essence needing a double definition, for he is not that he appears. Vnto the eye he is pleasing, vnto the eare he is harsh, but vnto the vnderstanding intricate, and full of windings : hee is the *prima materia*, and his intents giue him forme, hee dyeth his meanes and his meaning into two colors, he baits craft with humility, and his countenance is the pictur of the present disposition. He wins not by battery, but vndermining, and his racke is smoothing. He allures, is not allur'd by his affections, for they are the broakers of his obseruation. He knowes passion onely by sufferance, and resisteth by obeying. He makes his time an accomptant to his memory, and of the humors of men weaues a net for occasion : the inquisitor must looke thorow his iudgement, for to the eye onely he is not visible.

Characters.

A Courtier

TO all mens thinking is a man, and to most men the finest : all things else are defined by the vnderstanding, but this by the senses ; but his surest marke is, that hee is to bee found onely about Princes. Hee smells ; and putterh away much of his iudgement about the situation of his clothes. He knowes no man that is not genrally knowne. His wit, like the *Marigold*, openeth with the *Sun*, and therefore he riseth not before ten of the clocke. He puts more confidence in his words than meaning, and more in his pronounciation than his words. *Occasion* is his *Cupid*, and he hath but one receipt of making loue. He followes nothing bnt inconstancy, admires nothing but beauty, honors nothing but fortune. Loues nothings. The sustenance of his discourse is *Newes*, and his censure like a shot depends vpon the charging. Hee

is not, if he be out of Court, but fish-like breathes destruction, if out of his element. Neither his motion, or aspect are regular, but hee mooves by the vpper *Sphaeres*, and is the reflection of higher substances.

If you find him not here, you shall in *Pauls*, with a picke-tooth in his Hat, a cape cloake, and a long stocking.

A Golden Asse

IS a young thing, whose Father went to the *Diuell*; he is followed like a salt bitch, and limb'd by him that gets vp first; his disposition is cut, and knaues rent him like *Tenter-hookes*; hee is as blind as his mother, and swallowes flatterers for friends. He is high in his owne imagination; but that imagination is as a stone, that is raised by violence, descends naturally. When he goes, he looks who looks: if he finds not good store of vailers,

Characters.

vailers, hee comes home stiffe and seer,
vntill hee be new oyled and watered by
his husbandmen. Wherefoeuer he eates,
he hath an officer, to warne men not to
talke out of his element, and his owne is
exceeding sensible, because it is sensuall;
but hee cannot exchange a peece of rea-
son, though he can a peece of gold. He
is naught pluckt, for his feathers are his
beauty, and more then his beauty; they
are his discretion, his countenance, his
All. Hee is now at an end, for hee hath
had the Wolfe of vaine glory, which he
fed, vntill himselfe became the food.

A Flatterer

Is the shadow of a Foole. Hee is a good
woodw-man, for he singeth out none
but the wealthy. His carriage is euer of
the colour of his patient; and for his
sake hee will haue or weare a wrie necke.
Hee dispraisth nothing but poyertie,
and

Characters:

and small drinke, and praiseth his grace of making water. Hee selleth himselfe, with reckoning his great Friends, and teacheth the present, how to winne his praises by reciting the other gifts: hee is ready for all employments, but especially before Dinner, for his courage and his stomacke go together. He will play any vpon his countenance, and where hee cannot be admitted for a counsellor, hee will serue as a foole. He frequents the Court of Wards and Ordinaries, and fits these guests of *Toga virilis*, with wines or whores. He entreth young men into acquaintance with debt-bookes. In a word, hee is the impression of the last term, and will be so, vntill the comming of a new terme or termor.

An ignorant Glory-hunter

IS an *insectum animal*; for hee is the maggot of opinion, his behauiour is another thing from himselfe, and is glewed,

Characters.

glewed, and but set on. He entertaines men with repetitions, and returns them their owne words. He is ignorant of nothing, no not of those things, where ignorance is the lesser shame. He gets the names of good wits, and vtters them for his companions. He confesseth vices that he is guiltie of, if they be in fashion? & dares not salute a man in old clothes, or out of fashion. There is not a publike assembly without him, and he will take any paines for an acquaintance there. In any shew hee will be one, though he be but a whiffler, or a torch-bearer, and beares downe strangers with the story of his actions. He handles nothing that is not rare, and defends his wardrobe, diet, and all customes, with entituling their beginnings from princes, great Souldiers, and strange Nations. He dares speake more then he vnderstands, and aduentures his words with out the releeve of any seconds. He relates battels, and skirmishes, as from an eye witnesse, when his eyes theeuishly beguiled a bal-
lad

Characters.

lad of them. In a word, to make sure of admiration, he will not let himselfe vnderstand himselfe, but his es fame and opinion will be the Readers of his Riddles.

A Timist

IS a noune *Adiectiue of the present tense.*

He hath no more of a conscience then Feare, and his religion is not his but the Princes. He reuerenceth a Courtiers Seruants seruant. Is first his own Slaue, and then whosoever looketh big; when he giues he curseth, and when he fels he worships. Hee reades the statutes in his Chamber, and weares the Bible in the streetes: he neuer praiseth any, but before themselves or friends: and mislikes no great mans actions during his life. His new-yeeres gifts are ready at *Albanelomas*, and the sute he meant to meditate before them. He pleaseth the children of

Characters.

great men, and promiseth to adopt them; and his curtesie extends it selfe euen to the stable. Hee straines to talke wisely, and his modesty would serue a Bride. He is grauity from the head to the foot; but not from the head to the heart: you may finde what place he affecteth, for he creepes as neere it as may be, and as passionately courts it; if at any time his hopes be affected, hee swelleth with them; and they burst out too good for the vessell. In a word, he danceth to the tune of fortune, and studies for nothing but to keepe time.

An Amarrist

IS a cerain blasted or planet-strucken, and is the Dog that leades blinde Cupid; when hee is at the best, his fashion exceeds the worth of his weight. He is neuer without verses, and muske comfekt; and sighs to the hazzard of his button

tons; his eyes are all whit, either to
weare the liuerie of his mistris com-
plexion, or to keepe *Cupid* from hitting
the blacke. He fights with passion, and
loseth much of his blood by his wea-
pon; dreames, thence his palenesse.
His armes are carelesly vsed, as if their
best vse was nothing but embracements.
He is vntrust, vnbutned and vngartered,
not out of carelesnesse, but care; his far-
thest end being but going to bed. Some
times he wraps his petition in neatnesse,
but he goeth not alone; for the he makes
some other qualitie moralize his affecti-
on, and his trimnesse is the grace of that
grace. Her fauour lifts him vp, as the Sun
moisture; when she disfauours, vnable
to hold that happinesse, it falles downe
in teares; his fingers are his Orators, and
hee expresseth much of himselfe vpon
some instrument. He answeres not, or
not to the purpose; and no maruell, for
he is not at home. He scotcheth time
with dancing with his Mistris, taking vp
of her gloue, and wearing her feather;
he

Characters.

hee is confinde to her colour, and dares not passe out of the circuit of her memory. His imagination is a foole, and it goeth in a pyde-coat of red and white: shortly, he is translated out of a man into folly; his imagination is the glasse of lust, and himselfe the traitor to his own discretion.

An Affectate Traveller

IS a speaking fashion; hee hath taken paines to be ridiculous, and hath seen more then he hath perceiued. His Attire speakes *French* or *Italian*, & his gate cries, *Behold me*. Hee censures all things by countenances, and shrugs, and speaks his owne language with shame and lisp-
ping: he will choake, rather then confesse *Beere* good drinke; and his pick-tooth is a maine part of his behaviour. Hee chuseth rather to be counted a *Spie*, than not a *Politician*: and maintaines his reputati-

Characters.

on by naming great men familiarly. He chuseth rather to tell lies, then not wonders, and talkes with men singly: his discourse sounds big, but meanes nothing: & his boy is bound to admire him how-soeuer. He comes still from great Personages, but goes with mean. Hee takes occasion to shew Jewels giuen him in regard of his vertue, that were bought in *S. Martines*: and not long after hauing with a *Mountbanks* method, pronounced them worth thousands, impawneeth them for a few shillings. Vpon festiuall dayes he goes to Court, & salutes without resaluting: at night in an Ordinary he canuasseth the businesse in hand, and seems as conuersant with all intents and plots as if he begot them. His extraordinary account of men is, first to tell the ends of all matters of consequence, and then to borrow money of them; he offers courtesies, to shew them, rather then himselfe humble. Hee disdaines all things aboue his reach, and preferreth all Countries before his owne. He im-

puteth

Characters.

puteth his want and pouerty to the ignorance of the time, not his owne unworthinesse: and concludes his discourse with halfe a period, or a word, & leaues the rest to imagination. In a word, his religion is fashon, and both body & soule are gouerned by fame, hee loues most voices aboue truth.

A Wiseman

IS the truth of the true definition of man, that is, a reasonable creature. His disposition alters, hee alters not. Hee hides himselfe with the attire of the vulgar; and in indifferent things is content to be gouerned by them. Hee looks according to nature, so goes his behavior. His mind enioyes a continuall smoothnesse: so cometh it, that his consideration is alwaies at home. He endures the faults of all men silently, except his friends, and to them he is the mirrour of their

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their actions; by this meanes, his peace commeth not from Fortune, but himselfe. He is cunning in men, not to surprize, but keepe his owne, and beates off their ill affected humours, no other wise than if they were flies. He chuseth not friends by the Subsidy-book, and is not luxurious after acquaintance. He main- taines the strength of his body, not by delicates, but temperance; and his minde, by giuing it preheminence ouer his body. He vnderstands things, not by their forme, but qualities; and his comparisons intend not to excuse, but to prouoke him higher. He is not subiect to casualities; for Fortune hath nothing to do with the mind, except those drowned in the body: but hee hath diuided his soule from the case of his soule, whose weaknesse hee assists no other wise than commiseratiuely, not that it is his, but that it is. He is thus, and will be thus: and liues subiect neither to Time nor his frailties; the seruant of vertue, and by vertue; the friend of the highest.

Characters.

A Noble Spirit.

HAth surueied and fortified his disposition, and conuerts all occurrents into experience, betweene which experience and his reason, there is marriage; the issue are his actions. He circuits his intents, & seeth the end before he shot. Men are the instruments of his Art, and there is no man without his vse: occasiō incites him, none enticeth him: and he mooues by affection, not for affection; he loues glory, scornes shame, and gouerneth and obeyeth with one countenance; for it comes from one consideration. He cals not the variety of the world chances, for his meditation hath trauelled ouer them; and his eye mounted vpon his vnderstanding, seeth them as things vnderneath. He couers not his body with delicacies, nor excuseth these delicacies by his body, but teacheth it, since it is not able to defend its owne

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imbecillity to shew or suffer. He licen-
ceth not his weakenesse, to weare Fate,
but knowing reason to be no idle gift of
Nature, hee is the Steeres-man of his
owne destiny. Truth is the Goddesse,
and hee takes paines to get her, not to
looke like her. He knowes the condition
of the world, that he must a& one thing
like another, and then another. To these
he carries his desires, and not his desires
him; and sticks not fast by the way (for
that contentment is repentance) but
knowing the circle of all courses, of all
intents, of al things, to haue but one cen-
ter or period, without all distraction, he
hasteth thither & ends there, as his true
and naturall element. He doth not con-
temne Fortune, but not confesse her. He
is no Gamester of the world (which only
complaine & praise her) but being only
fensible of the honesty of actions, con-
temnes a particular profit as the excre-
ment of scum. Vnto the society of men
he is a *Sunne*, whose clearenesse directs
their steps in a regular motion: when he
is

Characters.

is more particular, hee is the wise mans friend, the example of the indifferent, the medicine of the vicious. Thus time goeth not from him, but with him: and hee feeles age more by the strength of his soule, than the weakenesse of his body; thus feeles he no paine, but esteemes all such things as friends, that desire to file off his fetters, and helpe him out of prison.

An Old man

IS a thing that hath been a man in his daies. Old men are to be known blind-folded: for their talke is as terrible as their resemblance. They praise their own times as vehemently, as if they would sell them. They become wrinkled with frowning and facing youth; they admire their old customes, euen to the eating of red herring, and going wetshod. They cast the thumbe vnder the girde, Grauitie; and because they can


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hardly smel at all, their Posies are vnder their girdles. They count it an ornament of speech, to close the period with a Cough; and it is venerable (they say) to spend time in wiping their driued beards. Their discourse is vnanswerable, by reason of their obstinacy; their speech is much, though little to the purpose. Truths and lyes passe with an equall affirmation: for their memories seuerall is wonne into one receptacle, and so they come out with one sense. They teach their seruants their duties with as much scorne & tyranny, as some people teach their dogs to fetch. Their enuy is one of their diseases. They put off and on their cloathes, with that certainty, as if they knew their heads would not direct them, and therefore custome should. They take a pride in halting & going stiffely, and therefore their staues are carued and tipped: they trust their attire with much of their grauity; and they dare not goe without a gowne in Summer. Their hats are brushed, to draw mens eyes off from
their

Characters.

their faces; but of all; their *Pomanders* are worne to most purpose, for their putrified breath ought not to want either a smell to defend, or a dog to excuse.

A Country Gentleman

IS a thing, out of whose corruption the generation of a Justice of Peace is produced. Hee speakes statutes and husbandry well enough, to make his neighbors thinke him a wise man; hee is well skil-
led in *Arithmiticke* or rates: and hath eloquence enough to saue two-pence. His conuersation amongst his Tenants is desperate; but amongst his equals full of doubt. His trauell is seldom farther then the next market Towne, and his inquisition is about the price of Corne: when he trauellet, he will goe ten mile out of the way to a  usins house of his to saue charges, he rewards the Seruants by taking him by the hand when hee de-
parts

Characters.

parts. Nothing vnder a *Sub pena* can draw him to *London* : and when hee is there, hee sticks fast vpon euery obiekt, casts his eyes away vpon gazing, and becomes the prey of euery Cutpurse. When he comes home, those wonders serue him for his holy-day talke. If he goe to Court; it is in yellow stockings ; and if it bee in Winter, in a slight safety cloake, and pumps and pantofles. He is chained that wooes the Vsher for his comming into the presence, where hee becomes troublesome with the ill managing of his Rapier, and the wearing of his girdle of one fashion, and the hangers of another ; by this time he hath learned to kisse his hand, and make a legge both together, and the names of Lords and Councillors; he hath thus much toward entertainment and courtesie, but of the last he makes more vse ; for by the recitall of *my Lord*, hee coniures his poore Couptrimen. But this is not his element, he must home againe, being like a Dor, that ends his flight in a dunghill.

A fine

Characters.

A fine Gentleman

IS the *Cynamon tree*, whose barke is more worth then his body. He hath read the Booke of good manners, and by this time each of his limbes may reade it. He alloweth of no iudge, but the eye; painting, bouldstering, and bombasting are his *Orators*: by these also hee proues his industry: for hee hath purchased legges, haire, beauty, and straightnesse, more then nature left him. Hee vnlockes maiden-heads with his language, and speaks *Euphuës*, not so gracefully as heartily. His discourse makes not his behauiour, but he buyes it at Court, as Countrey-men their clothes in Birchinlane. Hee is somewhat like the *Salamander*, and liues in the flame of loue, which paines hee expresseth comically: and nothing grieues him so much, as the want of a Poet to make an issue in his loue; yet hee signes sweetly, and speaks lamentably:

Characters.

tably: for his breath is perfumed, and his words are wind. Hee is best in season at Christmas; for the Boares head and Reueller come together; his hopes are laden in his quality: and lest Fidlers should take him vnprovidid, he weares pumps in his pocket: and lest hee should take Fidlers vnprovidid, he whistles his owne Galliard. He is a Calender of ten yeeres, and marriage rusts him. Afterwards he maintaines himselfe an implement of household, by caruing and vthering. For all this, he is iudiciall onely in Taylors and Barbers, but his opini on is euer ready, and euer idle. If you will know more of his acts, the Brokers shop is the witnesse of his valuer, where lyes wounded, dead, rent, and out of fashion, many a spruce Sute, ouerthrowne by his fantasticknesse.

An Elder

Characters.

An Elder Brother.

IS a Creature borne to the best advantage of things without him; that hath the start at the beginning, but loiters it away before the ending. Hee lookes like his Land, as heavily and durtily, as stubbornly. He dares do any thing but fight; and feares nothing but his Fathers life, and minority. The first thing he makes known, is his Estate; and the Load-stone that drawes him, is the vpper end of the Table. He wooeth by a particular; & his strongest argument is al about the Ioynture. His obseruation is all about the fashion, and hee commends Partlets for a rare deuice. He speakes no language, but smels of Dogs, or Hawkes; and his ambition flies iustice-height. Hee loues to be commended; and hee will goe into the Kitchen, but heele haue it. He loues glorie; but is so lazie, as hee is content with flattery. Hee speakes most of the prece-

dencie

Characters.

dency of age, and protests fortune the greatest vertue. He summoneth the old seruants, & tels what strange acts he will doe when he raignes. He verily beleeueth house-keepers the best commonwealths men; and therefore studies baking, brewing, greasing, and such as the limbes of goodnesse. He iudgeth it no small signe of wisdom to talke much; his tongue therefore goes continually his errand, but neuer speeds. If his vnderstanding were not honest then his wil, no man should keepe good conceit by him; for hee thinkes it no theft, to sell all he can to opinion. His pedegree & his fathers sealer, are the stilts of his crazed disposition. He had rather keepe company with the dregs of men, then not to be the best man. His insinuation is the inviting of men to his house; & he thinks it a great modesty to comprehend his cheete vnder a peece of Mutton and a Rabbet, if he by this time be not knowne, he will goe home againe; for he can no more abide to haue himselfe concealed, then his land;

Characters.

land; yet hee is(as you see) good for nothing, except to make a stallion to maintaine the race.

A Braggadochie Welshman

IS the Oyster that the Pearle is in, for a man may be pickt out of him. Hee hath the abilities of the mind in *Potentia*, and *actu* nothing but boldnesse. His clothes are in fashion before his body: and hee accounts boldnesse the chiefest vertue; aboue all men hee loues an Herauld, & speaks pedegrees naturally. He accounts none well discended, that call him not Cousin; and preferres *Owen Glendower* before any of the nine Worthies. The first note of his familiarity is the confession of his valour; and so hee preuents quarrels. He voucheth Welch, a pure and vnconquered language, and courts Ladies with the storie of their Chronicle. To conclude, he is precious

Characters.

in his owne conceit, and vpon *S. Dauides* day without comparison.

A Pedant.

HEe treads in a rule, and one hand scannes verses, and the other holds his Scepter. Hee dares not thinke a thought, that the Nominatiue case gouernes not the Verbe; and he neuer had meaning in his life, for he trauelled only for wordes. His ambition is *Criticisme*, and his example *Tully*. He values phrases, and elects them by the sound, and the eight Parts of speech are his Seruants. To bee briefe, hee is a *Heteroclite*, for hee wants the plurall number, hauing onely the single quality of words.

Characters.

A Servingman

IS a creature, which though hee bee not drunke, yet is not his owne man. Hee tels without asking who ownes him, by the superscription of his Livery: His life is for ease and leasure, much about Gentleman-like. His wealth enough to suffice Nature, and sufficient to make him happy, if he were sure of it; for he hath little, and wants nothing, hee values himselfe higher or lower, as his Master is. Hee hates or loves the men, as his Master doth the Master. Hee is commonly proude of his Masters horses or his Christmas: he sleepest when he is sleepey, is of his religion, only the clocke of his stomacke is set to goe on horse after his. Hee seldome breakes his owne clothes. He neuer drinks but double, for hee must bee ledg'd; nor commonly without some short sentence nothing to the purpose: and seldome abstaines all

hee comes to a thirst. His discretion is to be carefull for his Masters credit, and his sufficiency to marshall dishes at a Table, and to carue well. His neatnesse consists much in his haire and outward lianen. His courting language, visible bawdie iestes; and against his matter faile, hee is alway ready furnished with a song. His inheritance is the Chamber-maide, but often purchaseth his Masters daughter, by reason of opportunity, or for want of a better; he alwayes cuckolds himselfe, and neuer marries but his owne widdow. His Master being appeased, hee becomes a Retainer, and entailes himselfe and his posteritie vpon his heire-males for euer.

An Host

IS the kernell of a Signe : or the Signe
 Is the shell, and *mine Host* is the Snail.
 Hce

Characters.

He consists of double beere and fellowship, and his vices are the bawds of his thirst. Hee entertaines humbly, and giues his Guests power, as well of himselfe as house. He answers all mens expectations to his power, saue in the reckoning : and hath gotten the trick of greatnesse, to lay all mislikes vpon his seruants. His wife is the *Cummin seede* of his. Doue-house ; and to bee a good Guest is a warrant for her liberty. Hee traffiques for Guests by mens friends friends friend, and is sensible onely of his purse. In a word, hee is none of his owne : for hee neither eates, drinckes, or thinkes, but at other mens charges and appointments.

An Oyster

IS a thing that scrubbeeth vnreasonably his horse, reasonably himselfe. Hee consists of Travellers, though he be none him-

Characters.

himselfe. His highest ambition is to be *Hof*, and the inuention of his signe is his greatest wit: for the expressing wherof hee sends away the Painters for want of vnderstanding. Hee hath certaine charmes for a horse mouth, that hee should not eat his hay: and behind your backe, he will coozen your horse to his face. His curry-combe is one of his best parts, for hee expresseth much by the gingling: and his mane combe is a spinners-card turn'd out of seruice. He puffes and blowes over your horse, to the hazard of a double iugge: and leaues much of the dressing to the prouerbe of *Mali mutuo scabient*, One horse rubs another. Hee comes to him that cals lowdest, not first; hee takes a broken head patiently, but the knaue he feeles it not. Vtmost honesty is good fellowship, and hee speakes Northerne, what country man focuer. Hee hath a pension of Ale from the next *Smith* and *Sadler* for intelligence: hee loues to see you ride, and hold your stirrop in expectation.

The true Character of a Dunce.

HE hath a soule drownd in a lump of flesh, or is a piece of earth that *Prometheus* put not halfe his proportion of fire into. A thing that hath neither edge of desire, nor feeling of affection in it; the most dangerous creature for confirming an Atheist, who would sweare his soule were nothing but the bare temperature of his body. He sleeps as hee goes, and his thoughts seldome reach an inch further then his eies. The most part of the faculties of his soule lie fallow, or are like the restiue lades, that no spur can driue forwards towards the pursuit of any worthy designes. One of the most vnprofitable of Gods creatures being as he is, a thing put cleane besides the right use, made fit for the cart & the flayle; and by mischance intangled amongst books and papers. A man cannot tell possibly what hee is now good

Characters.

for, saue to moue vp and downe and fill
roome, or to serue as *animatum instru-*
mentum, for others to worke withall in
base employments, or to be toile for bet-
ter wits, or to serue (as they say Monsters
doe) to set out the variety of nature, and
ornament of the vniuerse. Hee is meeke
nothing of himselfe, neither eates, nor
drinkes, nor goes, nor spits, but by Imit-
tation, for all which he hath set-formes
and fashions, which he neuer varies, but
stickes to with the like plodding con-
stance, that a mil-horse followes his
trace. But the Muses and the Graces
are his hard Mistresses, though he daily
inuocate them, though he sacrifice *He-*
catombs, they still look asquint. You shall
note him oft (besides his dull eye, and
lowring head, and a certain clammy be-
nūlmed pace) by a faire displaid beard,
a night-cap, and a gowne, whose very
wrinckles proclaime him the true *Genius*
of familiarity. But of all others, his dis-
course, and compositions best speake
him, both of the are much of one stuffe
and

Characters.

and fashion. Hee speakes iust what his bookes or last company said vnto him, without varying one whit, and very seldom vnderstands himselfe. You may know by his discours where he was last: for what he heard, or read yesterday, he now disgraceth his memory or Notebooke of, not his vnderstanding, for it neuer came there. What hee hath, hee flings abroad at all aduentures, without accomodating it to time, place, or persons, or occasions. He commonly loseth himselfe in his tale, and flutters vp and downe windlesse without recovery, and whatsoeuer next presents it selfe, his heauy conceit seizeth vpon, and goeth along with, how-euer *Heterogeneall* to his matter in hand. His Iests are either old flead *Proverbs*, or leane-steru'd-hackney *Aposhegmes*, or poore verbal quips, outworne by Seruingmen, Tapsters, and Milkemaides, euen laide aside by Balladers. Hee assents to all men that bring any shaddow of reason, and you may make him when hee speakes most Dog-

Characters.

atically euen with one breath, to auer
poore contradictions. His composi-
tions differ onely *terminorum positione*,
from dreames; nothing but rude heapes
of immateriall, incoherent, drossie, rub-
bish stuffe, promiscuously thrust vp to-
gether. Enough to infuse dulnesse and
barrennesse in conceit into him that is
so prodigall of his eares, as to giue the
hearing. Enough to make a mans me-
mory ake with suffering such dirty stuffe
cast into it. As vnwelcome to any true
cōuert, as sluttish morsels, or wallowish
pōtions to a nice stomack, which whiles
hee empties himselfe, it stickes in his
teeth, nor can hee be deliuered without
sweat, and sighes, and hems and coughs,
enough to shake his Grandams teeth out
of her head. Hee spits and scratches,
and spawles, and turnes like sicke men
from one elbow to another, and de-
serues as much pittie during his torture,
as men in fits of *Tertian Feuers*, or selfe
lashing Penitentiaries. In a word, rippe
him quite asunder, and examine euery
shred

Characters.

shred of him; you shall finde of him to bee iust nothing, but the subiect of nothing : the object of contempt; yet such as hee is you must take him, for there is no hope he should euer become better.

A good Wife

IS a mans best moueable, a scien incorporate with the stocke, bringing sweet fruit; one that to her husband is more then a friend, lesse then trouble: an equall with him in the yoke. Calamities and troubles shee shares alike, nothing pleaseth her that doth not him. Shee is relative in all; and hee without her, but halfe himselfe. Shee is his absent hands, eyes, eares, and mouth: his present and absent All. She frames her nature vnto his howsoever: the *Hiacinth* followes not the *Sunne* more wil-

Characters.

willingly. Stubbornnesse and obstinacy are hearbs that grow not in her garden. She leaues tattling to the Gossips of the Towne, and is more seene then heard. Her household is her charge; her care to that, makes her seldome *non resident*. Her pride is but to be cleanly, and her thrift not to be prodigal. By his discretion she hath children; not wantons; a husband without her, is a misery in mans apparrell; none but she hath an aged husband, to whom shee is both a staffe and a chaire. To conclude, she is both wise and religious, which makes her all this.

A Melancholy Man

IS a strayer from the droue: one that Nature made a sociable, because she made him man, and a crazed disposition hath altered. Impleasing to all, as all to him; straggling thoughts, are his content, they make him dreame waking, there's

Characters.

there's his pleasure. His imagination is neuer idle, it keeps his mind in a continuall motion, as the poise the clocke: he winds vp his thoughts often, and as often vnwindes them; *Penelopes* webbe thrives faster. He'le seldome be found without the shade of some grove, in whose bottome a river dwels. Hee carries a cloud in his face, neuer faire weather: his outside is framed to his inside, in that hee keepes a *Decorum*, both vnseemely. Speake to him; hee heares with his eyes, eares follow his minde, and that's not at leysure. He thinkes businesse, but neuer does any: hee is all contemplation, no action. He hewes and fashions his thoughts, as if hee meant them to some purpose; but they proue vnprofitable, as a piece of wrought timber to no vse. His Spirits, and the Sunne are enemies; the Sunne bright and warme, his humour blacke and cold: variety of foolish apparitions people his head, they suffer him not to breathe, according to the
necessi-

Characters.

necessities of nature; which makes him
sup vp a draught of as much aire at once,
as would serue at thrice. Hee denies na-
ture her due in sleepe, and nothing plea-
seth him long, but that which pleaseth
his owne fantasies: they are the consu-
ming euils, and euill consumptions that
consume him aliue. Lastly, he is a man
onely in shew, but comes short of the
better part; a whole reasonable soule,
which is mans chiefe preeminence;
and sole marke from creatures sensible.

A Saylor

IS a pitcht piece of reason calckt, and
rackled, and onely studied to dispute
with tempests. Hee is part of his owne
Prouision, for he liues euer pickled. A
fore-winde is the substance of his
Creede; and fresh water the burden of
his prayers. He is naturally ambitious;
for

Characters.

for hee is euer climbing : out of which as naturally hee feares ; for hee is euer flying : time and heare euey where, euer contending who shall ariue first : hee is well winded, for hee tires the day, and out-runnes darkenesse. His life is like a *Hawkes*, the best part mewed ; and if he liue till three coates, is a Master. He sees Gods wonders in the deepe : but so, as rather they appeare his play-fellows, than stirrers of his zeale: nothing but hunger and hard rockes can conuert him, and then but his vpper decke neither ; for his hold neither feares nor hopes, his steps are but repreeualls of his dangers, and when hee wakes, tis but next stage to dying. His wisdom is the coldest part about him, for it euer poynts to the North: and it lies lowest, which makes his valour euey tide overflowe it. In a storme tis disputable, whether the noise be more his, or the Elements, and which will first leaue scolding ; on which side of the ship he may bee saued best, whether his faith bee
starre-

Characters.

starre-boord faith, or lar-boord : or the helme at that time not all his hope of heauen : his keele is the Embleme of his conscience, till it bee split hee neuer repents, then no farther then the land allows him, and his language is a new confusion : and all his thoughts new nations : his body and his shippe are both one burthen, nor is it knowne who stowes most wine, or rowles most, onely the ship is guided, hee has no sterne : a Barnacle and hee are bred together, both of one nature, and tis fear'd one reason : vpon any but a wooden horse hee cannot ride, and if the winde blow against him, hee dare not : hee swarues vp to his seate as to a saile-yard, and cannot sit vnlesse hee beare a flag-staffe : if euer hee be broken to the saddle, tis but a voyage still, for hee mis-takes the bridle for a bowlin, and is euer turning his horse-taile : hee can pray, but tis by rote, not faith, and when hee would, hee dares not, for his brackish beliefs hath made that *ominous*. A rocke or a quick-

Characters:

quicke-sand pluckes him before hee bee ripe, else hee is gathered to his friends at *Wapping*.

A Souldier

IS the husband-man of valour, his sword is his plough, which honour and *aqua-vita*, two fiery metald lades, are euer drawing. A yonger brother best becomes Armes; an elder the thanks for them; every heate makes him a harvest: and discontents abroad are his Sowers: hee is actively his Princes, but passively his angers seruant. Hee is often a desirer of learning, which once arriued at, proues his strongest armor: hee is a louer at all points; and a true defender of the faith of women: more wealth then makes him seeme a handsome foe, lightly hee couets not, lesse is below him: hee neuer truly wants, but in much hauiing, for then his ease and
letchery

Characters.

lethargy afflict him : the word *Peace*, though in prayer, makes him start, and God hee best considers by his power : hunger and cold ranke in the same file with him, and hold him to a man : his honour else, and the desire of doing things beyond him, would blow him greater then the sonnes of *Anack*. His religion is, commonly, as his cause is (doubtfull) and that the best deuotion keeps best quarter: he seldome sees gray hayres, some none at all, for where the sword failes, there the flesh giues fire : in charity, he goes beyond the Cleargy, for hee loues his greatest enemy best, much drinking. Hee seemes a full student, for hee is a great desirer of controuerfies, hee argues sharply, and carries his conclusion in his scabbard ; in the first refining of man-kinde this was the gold, his actions are his ammel. His slay (for else you cannot worke him perfectly) continuall duties, heauy and weary marches, lodgings as full of needs as cold diseases. No time to argue,

Characters.

gue, but to execute. Line him with these, and linke him to his squadrons, and hee appears a most rich chaine for Princes.

A Taylor

IS a creature made vp of threds, that were pared off from *Adam*, when hee was rough-cast. The end of his Being differeth from that of others, and is not to serue God, but to couer sinne. Other mens pride is the best Patron, and their negligence, a maine passage to his profit. Hee is a thing of more than ordinary iudgement: For by vertue of that, hee buyeth land, buildeth houses, and raiseth the low set-roofof his crosselegged Fortune. His actions are strong encounters, and for their notoriousnesse alwaies vpon Record. It is neither *Amadis de Gaule*, nor the Knight of the *Sunne*, that is able to re-

Characters.

sist them. A tenne-groates pee setteth them on foot, and a brace of Officers bringeth them to execution. He handleth the Spanish Pike, to the hazzard of many poore Egyptian vermins; and in shew of his valour, scorneth a greater Gantlet, then will couer the top of his middle finger. Of all weapons he most affecteth the long Bill; and this hee will manage to the great prejudice of a Customers estate. His spirit notwithstanding is not so much as to make you thinke him man; like a true mongrell, he neither bites nor barks, but when your backe is towards him. His heart is a lumpe of congealed snow: *Prometheus* was asleepe while it was making. Hee differeth altogether from God; for with him the best pieces are still marked out for damnation, and with out hope of recovery shall be cast downe into hell. He is partly an Alchymist; for hee extracteth his owne apparell out of other mens clothes; and when occasion serpeth, making a brokers shop his Alembicke,

Characters.

hicke, can turne your silkes into gold,
& hauing furnished his necessities, after
a month or two if he be vrged vnto it,
reduce them againe to their proper sub-
stance. He is in part likewise an Arith-
metician; cunning enough for Multipli-
cation and Addition, but cannot abide
Substraction: *Summa totalis*, is the lan-
guage of his *Canaan*; & *vsque ad vlti-
mum quadrantem*, the period of all his
Charitie. For any Skill in *Geometrie*, I
dare not commend him; For hee could
neuer yet find out the dimensions of
his owne conscience: Notwithstanding
he hath many bottomes, it seemeth this
is alwaies bottomlesse. Hee is double
yarded, and yet his female complaineth
of want of measure. And so with a *Li-
bera nos à malo*; I leaue you; promising
to amend whatsoeuer is amisse, at his
next setting.

Characters.

A Puritane

IS a diseas'd piece of *Apocrypha*: bind him to the Bible, and hee corrupts the whole text: Ignorance and fat teed, are his Founders; his Nurses, Railing Rabbies, and round breeches: his life is but a borrowed blast of winde; For betwene two religions, as betwene two doores, he is euer whistling. Truly whose childe he is, is yet vnknowne; For willingly his faith allowes no Father: onely thus farre his pedegree is found, Bragger and hee flourish about a time first; his fiery zeale keeps him continually collieue, which withers him into his owne translation, and till hee eate a Schooleman, he is hide-bounded; hee euer prayes against *Non Residents*, but is himselfe the greatest discourager, for hee neuer keeps neere his text: any thing that the Law allowes, but Marriage, and March beere, hee

mar-

Characters.

murmures at; what it disallowes and holds dangerous, makes him a discipline: Where the gate stands open, he is ever seeking a stile: and where his Learning ought to climbe, hee creepes through, giue him aduice, you runne into *Traditions*, and vrge a modest course, he cries out *Councils*. His greatest care is to contemne obedience, his last care to serue God handsomely and cleanly; He is now become so crasse a kinde of teaching, that should the Church enioyne cleane shirts, hee were towse; more sense then single prayers is not his; nor more in those, than still the same petitions; from which hee either feares a learned faith, or doubts God vnderstands not at first hearing. Shew him a Ring, he runs backe like a Beare; and hates square dealing as al-
le to caps: a paire of Organs blow him out oth Parish, and are the onely glister-pipes to coole him. Where the meat is best, there hee confutes most, for his arguing is but the efficacy of his eating:

Characters.

eating good bits hee holds breede good
positions, and the Pope hee best con-
cludes against, in Plom - broth. Hee is
often drunke, but not as we are, tempo-
rally, nor can his sleepe then cure him,
for the fumes of his ambition make his
very Soule feeble, and that small Beere
that should allay him (silence) keeps
him more surfeited, & makes his heate
breake out in private houses: women
and Lawyers are his best Disciples, the
one next fruite, longs for forbidden Do-
ctrine, the other to maintaine forbidden
titles, both which hee sows amongst
them. Honest hee dare not be, for that
loues order: yet if hee can be brought
to Ceremony, and made but master of
it he is contented.

Where
the

A Whore.

IS a high-way to the Deuill, hee that
 lookes vpon hir with desire, begins
 his voyage: he that stajes to talke with
 her, mends his pace, and who enioyes
 her, is at his iournies end: Her body is
 the tilted Lees of pleasure, dāst over
 with a little decking to hold colour:
 tast her thee's dead, and fals vpon the
 pallate; the sins of other women shew
 in Landscip, far off and full of shadow,
 hers in Statue, neere hand and bigger
 in the life: she prickes betimes, for her
 stocke is a white thorne, which cut and
 grafted on, shee growes a Medler: Her
 trade is opposite to any other, for shee
 sets vp without credit, and too much
 custome breakes her; The money that
 she gets is like a Traitors, giuen only to
 corrupt her; and what shee gets, serues
 but to pay diseases. Shee is euer moōrd
 in finne, and euer mending; and after
 thirty,

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thirty, she is the Chirurgions creature: shame and repentance are two strangers to her, and onely in an hospitall acquainted: Shee liues a Reprobate, like *Cain*, still branded, finding no habitation but her feares, and flies the face of Iustice like a Fellow. The first yeere of her trade shee is an Eyefie, scratches and cryes to draw on more affection: the second a Soare: the third a Ramage whore: the fourth and fifth, shee's an intermewers, prcies for her selfe, and ruffles all shee reaches; from thence to tenne she beares the name of white Whore, and then her blood forsakes her with salt Rhumes, and now shee has mewed three coates; now shee growes weary and diseas'd together, fauours her wing, checks little, but lies for it, bathes for her health, and scowres to keepe her coole, yet still shee takes in stones, shee fires her selfe else: the next remoue is Haggard, still more cunning; and if my Art deceiue mee not, more crazie. All cares and cure, are doubled

Characters.

now vpon her, and line her perch, or
now she mewes her pounces, at all these
yeeres shee flies at fooles and kills too:
the next is Buffard Bawde, and there I
leau her.

A very Where

IS a woman. Shee enquires out all the
great meetings, which are medi-
cines for her itching. Shee kisseth o-
pen-mouth'd, and spits in the palmes of
her hands to make them moist. Her
eyes are like free-booters, liuing vpon
the spoile of stragglers; and shee baits
her desires with a million of prostitute
countenances and enticements; in the
light she listneth to parlies: but in the
darke she vnderstandeth signes best. She
will sell her Smocke for Cuffes, and so
her shoes be fine, she cares not though
her stockings want feet. Her modesty
is curiosity, and her smell is one of her
best

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best ornaments. She passeth not a span
breadth. And to haue done, shee is the
Cooke and the meate, dressing her selfe
all day, to bee tasted with the better
appetite at night.

A meere Common Lawyer

IS the best shaddow to make a dis-
creet one shew the fairer. Hee is a
Metoria prima informed by reports,
acquainted by statutes, and hath his Mo-
tion by the fauorable Intelligence of
the Court. His law is alwayes furnisht
with a Comission to arraigne his Con-
science: but vpon iudgement giuen,
hee vsually sets it at large. Hee thinkes
no language worth knowing but his
Barragonin. Oncely for that point hee
hath beene a long time at warres with
Priscian for a Northerne Prouince. He
imagines that by sure excellencie his
profession onely is learning, and that it's
a pro-

Characters.

a prophanation of the Temple to his *Themis* dedicated, if any of the liberrall Arts bee there admitted to offer strange incense to Her. For indeed hee is all for mony. Seven or eight yeares squires him out, some of his Nation lesse standing: and ever since the Night of his Call, hee forgot much what he was at dinner. The next morning his man (in *Actu* or *potentia*) inioyes his pickadels. His Landresse is then shrewdly troubled in sitting him a Ruffe; his perpetuall badge. His love-letters of the last yeere of his Gentlemanship are stuf with *Discontinuances*, *Remitters*, and *Vncore priss*: but now being enabled to speake in proper person, hee talkes of a French-hood, instead of a Ioynture, wages his law, and ioynes illue. Then hee begins to sticke his letters in his ground Chamber-window; that so the superscription may make his Squire-ship transparent. His Heraldry giues him place before the Minister, because the Law was before the gospel.

Characters.

Gospell. Next Tearme he walkes his
hoopsleeve gowne to the Hall ; there
it proclames him. Hee feeds fat in the
Reading, and till it chance to his turne,
dislikes no house order so much, as
that the month is so contracted to a
fortnight. Mongst his countrey neigh-
bours, he arrogates as much honour for
being Reader of an Inne of Chance-
ry, as if it had beene of his owne house.
For they, poore soules, take Law and
Conscience, Court and Chancery for
all one. Hee learn'd to frame his cases
from putting Riddles, and imitating
Merlins Prophecies, and to set all the
Crosse-row together by the cares. Yet
his whole Law is not able to decide
Lucas one old controuersie twixt
Tau and *Sigma*. Hee accounts no man
of his Cap and Coat idle, but who
trots not the Circuit. Hee affects no
life or quality for it selfe, but for gaine;
and that at least, to the stating him in
a Iustice of peacehip, which is the first
quickning soule superadded to the ele-
mentary

Characters.

mentary and inanimate forme of his new Tide. His Termes are his wiues vacations. Yet shee then may vsurpe diuers Court-dayes, and hath her Returnes in *Mansum*, for writs of entrie: often shorter. His vacations are her Termers. But in assise time (the circuit being long) hee may haue a tryall at home against him by *Nisi Prius*. No way to heauen hee thinkes, so wise, as through *Westminster Hall*; and his Clarkes commonly through it visit both heauen and hell. Yet then hee oft forgets his iourneyes end, although hee looke on the *Starre-Chamber*. Neither is hee wholly destitute of the Arts. *Grammar* hee hath enough to make termination of those words which his authority hath endenizon'd. *Rhetoricke* some; but so little, that its thought a concealemen. *Logicke* enough to wrangle. *Arithmeticke* enough for the Ordinals of his yeere bookes: and number-roles: but he goes not to *Multiplication*; there's a Statute against it. So much

Characters.

Adorning Ornaments to them, make them as foyle to set their worke on.

A meere Scholler.

A Meere Scholler is an intelligible Ass. Or a silly fellow in blacke, that speaks Sentences more familiarly then Sense. The Antiquity of his Vniuersity is his Cree l, and the excellency of his Colledge (though but for a match at foot-ball) an Article of his faith: he speakes Latine better then his Mother-tongue; and is a stranger in no part of the world, but his owne Countrey: he do's vsually tell great stories of himselfe to small purpose, for they are commonly ridiculous, bee they true or false: his Ambition is, that he either is or shall be a graduate: but if euer he get a Fellowship, he ha's then no fellow. In spite of all *Logicke* he dare sweare and maintaine it, that a Cuckold and a Townes-

Characters:

Geometrie, that hee can aduise in a *Perambulatione facienda*, or a *Rationalibus diuisis*. In *Astronomie* and *Astrologie* hee is so farre seene, that by the *Domini-call* letter, hee knowes the Holy dayes, and findes by Calculation that *Michaelmas* Terme will bee long and dirty. Marry hee knowes so much in *Musicke*, that hee affects onely the most and cunningest *Discords*; rarely a perfect *Concord*, especially song, except in *fine*. His skill in *perspective* endeauors much to deceiue the eye of the Law, and giues many false colours. Hee is specially practised in *Necromancie*, (such a kinde as is out of the Statute of *Primo*) by raising many *dead questions*. What sufficiency he hath in *Criticisme*, the foule copies of his *Speciall Pleas* will tell you.

Many of the same estate, which are much to be honoured, partake of diuers of his indifferent qualities: but so, that *Discretion*, *Virtue*, and sometimes other good learning, concurring and di-

Characters.

Townes-man are *Termini conuertibiles*, though his Mothers Husband bee an *Alderman* : hee was neuer begotten (as it seemes) without much wrangling ; for his whole life is spent in *Pro & Contra* : his tongue goes alwaies before his wit, like Gentleman-vsher, but somewhat faster. That he is a compleat Gallant in all points, *Cap à pea* ; witnesse his horsemanship and the wearing of his weapons : hee is commonly long-winded, able to speake more with ease, than any man can endure to heare with patience. Vniuersity iests are his vniuersall discourse, and his newes, the demeanor of the Proctors: his Phrase, the apparell of his minde, is made of diuers shreds like a cushion, and when it goes plainest, it hath a rash outside, and fustian linings. The currant of his speech is clos'd with an *Argo* ; and what-euer be the question, the truth is on his side. Tis a wrong to his reputation to be ignorant of any thing ; and yet hee knowes not that he knowes nothing : he giues directions

Characters.

itions for Husbandry, from *Virgils Georgicks*; for Cattell, from his *Bucolics*; for warlike Stratagems, from his *Aeneides*, or *Casars Commentaries*: he orders all things, & thrives in none: Skilful in all trades, and thrives in none: he is led more by his cares then his vnderstanding, taking the sound of words for their true sense: and do's therefore confidently belecue, that *Erra Pater* was the Father of heretiques; *Rodolphus Agricola*, a substantiall Farmer; and will not sticke to auerre, that *Systemo's Logicke* doth excell *Keshermans*: his ill lucke is not so much in being a foole, as in being put to such pains to expresse it to the world: for what in others is naturall, in him (with much adoe) is artificiall: his pouertie is his happinesse, for it makes some men belecue, that hee is none of fortunes favorites. That learning which hee hath, was in Non-age put in backward like a glister, and it's now like Ware mislaid in a Pedlers packe; a ha'it, but knowes not where

Characters.

it is. In a word, his is the Index of a man,
and the Title page of a Scholler, or a
Puritan in morality; much in professi-
on, nothing in practice.

A Tinker

His is a moueable: for hee hath no ab-
iding place; by his motion he gathers
heate; thence his chollericke nature.
Hee seemes to be very deuout, for his
life is a continuall pilgrimage, and
sometimes in humilitie goes barefoot,
thereon making necessity a vertue. His
house is as ancient as *Tubal Cains*, and
so is a runnagate by antiquitie: yet hee
prooues himselfe a Gallant, for hee car-
ries all his wealth vpon his backe; or a
Philosopher, for hee beares all his sub-
stance about him. From his Art was
Musicke first inuented, and therefore is
hee alwayes furnisht with a song: to
which his hammer, keeping time,
proues

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proues that he was the first founder for the Kettle-drumme. Note, that where the best Ale is, there stands his musicke most vpon crotchets. The companion of his trauels is some foule sunne-burnt Queane, that since the terrible Statute recanted Gypsisme, and is turned Pedlerresse. So marches he all over England with his bag and baggage. His conuersation is vnreprouable; for hee is ever mending. Hee obserues truly the Statutes, and therefore he can rather steale then begge, in which hee is vnremouably constant in spite of whip, or imprisonment: and so a strong enemy to idlenesse, that in mending one hole, hee had rather make three then want worke, and when hee hath done, hee throwes the wallet of his faults behinde him. Hee embraceth naturally ancient custome, conuersing in open fields, and lowly Cottages. If hee visit Cities or Townes, tis but to deale vpon the imperfections of our weaker vessels. His tongue is verie voluble, which with

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Canting proves him a *Linguist*. Hee is entertain'd in euery place, but enters no further then the doore, to auoyd suspition. Some would take him to bee a Coward; but beleue it, he is a lead of mettle, his valour is commonly three or foure yards long, fastned to a pike in the end for flying off. He is very prouident, for hee will fight but with one at once, and then also he had rather submit then be counted obstinate. To conclude, if he scape Tyburne and Banbury, hee dies a begger.

An Apparatour

IS a Chicke of the egge Abuse, hatcht by the warmth of authority: hee is a bird of rapine, and beginnes to prey and feather together. Hee croakes like a Raven against the death of rich men, and so gets a Legacy vnbequeath'd: his happinesse is in the multitude of children,

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dren, for their increase is his wealth, and to that end, hee himselfe ycerely addes one. Hee is a cunning hunter, vncoupling his intelligencing hounds, vnder hedges in thickets and corne-fields, who follow the chase to Citie-Suburbs, where often his game is at couert : his quiuer hangs by his side, stufte with siluer arrowes, which hee shootes against Churchgates, and priuate mens doores, to the hazard of their purses and credit. There went but a paire of sheeres betweene him and the pursuant of hell, for they both delight in sinne, grow richer by it, and are by iustice appointed to punish it: ouely the Deuill is more cunning, for hee pickes a liuing out of others gaines. His liuing lieth in his eye, which (like spirits) hee sends through chinkes, and key-holes, to suruey the places of darknesse; for which purpose he studieth the optickes, but can discouer no colour but blacke, for the pure white of chastitie dazleth his eyes. He is a Catholicke, for hee is

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every where; and with a Politicke, for hee transforms himselfe into all shapes. Hee travels on foot to avoid idlenesse, and loves the Church entirely, because it is the place of his edification. Hee accounts not all sinnes mortall: for fornication with him is a veniall sinne, and to take bribes, a matter of charity: he is collector for burnings and losses at Sea, and in casting a ccount, can readily substract the leiler from the greater summe. Thus lives he in a golden age, till Death by a proësse, summons him to appeare.

Almanacke-maker.

IS the worst part of an Astronomer: a certaine compact of figures, characters, and cyphers: out of which hee scores the fortune of a yeere, not so profitably, as doubtfully. Hee is tenant by custome to the Planets, of whom he holds

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holds the 12. Houses by lease-paroll: to them hee payes yeerely rent, his studie, & time; yet lets them out againe (with all his heart) 40. s. *Per annum*. His life is meere contemplatiue: for His practice, tis worth nothing, at least not worthy of credit; & if (by chance) he purchase any, hee loseth it againe at the yeeres end, for time brings truth to light. *Ptolomy* and *Ticho Bräche* are his Patrons, whose volumes he vnderstands not, but admires; and the rather because they are Strangers, and so easier to bee credited, than controuled. His life is vpright, for he is alwayes looking upward; yet dares beleue nothing about *Primum mobile*, for tis out of the reach of his *Jacobs staffe*. His charitie extends no further then to Mountebankes and Sow-gelders, to whom hee bequeathes the seasons of the yeere, to kill or torture by. The verses of his Booke haue a worse pace then euer had *Rochester Hackney*: for his prose, tis dappled with Inke-horne tearmes, and

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may serue for an Almanacke: but for his iudging at the vncertainty of weather, any old Shepheard shall make a Dunce of him. Hee would be thought the deuils intelligencer for stollen goods, if euer he steale out of that qualitie: as a flie turnes to a Maggot, so the corruption of the cunning-man is the generation of an Empericke: his workes fly forth in small volumes, yet not all, for many ride poast to Chandlers and Tobacco shops in folio. To be briefe, he fals 3. degrees short of his promises; yet is he the Key to vnlocke Termes, and Lawdayes, a dumbe *Mercurie* to point out high-ways; and a Bayliffe of all Marts and Faires in England. The rest of him you shall know next yeere; for what he will be then, he himselfe knowes not.

An Hypo-

Characters.

An Hypocrite

IS a gilded *Pill*, compos'd of two ver-
ruous ingredients, *Naturall dishonesty*,
and *Artificiail dissimulation*. *Simple*
Fruit, *Plant*, or *Drug*, hee is none, but a
deformed mixture, bred betwixt *Euill*
Nature and *false Art*, by a monstrous ge-
neration; and may well be put into the
reckoning of those creatures that God
neuer made. In *Church* or *Common-*
wealth (for in both these this *Mongrell-*
weede will shoot) it is hard to say whe-
ther he be *Physicke* or a *Disease*; for he is
both in diuers respects.

As he is gilt with an outside of *Seem-*
ing purity, or as he offereth himselfe to
you to be taken downe in a cup or taste
of *Golden zeale* and *Simplicitie*, you may
call him *Physicke*. Nay, and neuer let
potion giue *Patient* good stoole, if being
truely tasted and relisht, hee be not as
loth-

Characters.

lothsome to the stomack of any honest man.

He is also *Physicke*, in being as commodious for use, as he is odious in taste, if the *Body* of the *Company* into which he is taken, can make true use of him. For the malice of his nature makes him so *Informer-like-dangerous*, in taking advantage of any thing done or said: yea, even to the ruine of his makers, if he may haue benefit; that such a creature in a societie makes men as careful of their speeches and actions, as the sight of a knowne Cut-purse in a throng makes them watchfull ouer their purses and pockets: he is also in this respect profitable *Physicke*, that his conuersation being once truly tasted and discouered, the hatefull foulness of it will make those that are not fully like him, to purge all such Diseases as are ranke in him, out of their owne liues; as the sight of some Citizens on horse-backe, make a iudicious man amend his owne faults in horsemanship. If one of these

vses

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uses can bee made of him, let him not long offend the stomacke of your company; your best way is to spue him out. That hee is a Disease in the body where hee liueth, were as strange a thing to doubt, as whether there bee knauery in Horse-courers. For if among Sheepe, the rot; among Dogs, the mange; amongst Horses, the glaunders; amongst Men and Women, the Northerne itch, and the French Achie bee diseases; an Hypocrite cannot but be like intall States and Societies that breede him. If hee bee a Cleargy Hypocrite, then all manner of vice is for the most part so proper to him, as he will grudge any man the practice of it but himselfe; like that graue Burgesse, who being desired to lend his cloathes to represent a part in a Comedie, answered: *No by his leane, hee would haue no body play the foole in his cloathes but himselfe.* Hence are his so austere reprehensions of drinking healths, lasciuious talke, vsury and vnconscionable dealing; whereas himselfe

h. ting

Characters.

hating the prophane mixture of malt & water, will by his good will let nothing come within him, but the purity of the Grape, when hee can get it of anothers cost: But this must not bee done neither, without a preface of seeming toothnesse, turning vp the eyes, mouing the head, laying hand on the brest, and protesting that hee would not doe it but to strength his body, beeing euē consumed with dissembled zeale, and tedious and thankelesse babbling to God and his Auditors.* And for the other vices, I doe but venture the making your selfe priuate with him, or trusting of him, and if you come off without a sauer of the ayre which his soule is infected with, you haue great fortune. The fardle of all this ware that is in him, you shall commonly see carryed vpon the backe of these two beasts, that liue within him, *Ignorance* and *Imperiousnesse*: and they may well serue to carrie other vices, for of themselves they are insupportable.

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ble. His *Ignorance* acquites him of all science, humane or diuine, and of all Language, but his mothers ; holding nothing pure, holy or sincere, but the senselesse collections of his owne crazed braine, the zealous fumes of his enflamed spirit, and the endlesse labours of his eternall tongue ; the motions whereof, when matter and words faile, (as they often doe) must bee patched vp, to accomplish his foure houres in a day at the least, with long and frequent *hummes*. Any thing else, either for language or matter hee cannot abide, but thus censureth : *Latine*, the language of the *Beast*; *Greeke*, the tongue wherein the heathen Poets wrote their fictions ; *Hebrew*, the speech of the *Iewes*, that crucified Christ : *Controuersies* doe not edifie ; *Logicke* and *Philosophie*, are the subtilties of *Satan* to deceiue the *Simple*. Humane stories *prophane*, and not saouering of the *Spirit* : In a word, all decent and sensible forme of speech and perswasion (though in his owne

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owne tongue) vaine *Ostentation*. And all this is the burthen of his *Ignorance*: Telling that sometimes *Idlenesse* will put in also to beare a part of the baggage.

His other *Beast Impertiousnesse*, is yet more proudly loaden, it carryeth a burthen, that no cords of *Authoritie*, *Spirituall* nor *Temporall*, should binde, if it might haue the full swinge: No *King*, no *Prince* should command him: Nay, hee will command them, and at his pleasure censure them, if they will not suffer their eares to bee fettered with the long chaines of his tedious collations, their purses to bee emptied with the inundations of his vn-satiable humour, and their iudgements to bee blinded with the muffler of his zealous *Ignorance*: for this doth hee familiarly insult ouer his *Maintainer*, that breeds him, his *Patronce* that feeds him, and in time ouer all them that will suffer him to set a foote within their doores, or put a finger in their purses. All this;
and

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and much more in him, than ab-
horring *Degres* and *Kinneships*, as
reliques of *Superstition*, hath leapt
from a *Shepheard*, or a *Cloake-bag*,
to a *Deske*, or *Pulpit*, and that like a
Sea-god in a *Ragant*, hath the rotten
laths of his culpable life, and palpable
ignorance, covered over with the
painted cloth of a *pure gowne*, and
a *night-cap*; and with a false *Trum-
pet* of *Fained Brags*, draweth after
him some *poore Nymphs* and *Mad-
ams*, that delight more to resort to
dark *Caves* and *secret places*; then to
open and publick *Assemblies*. The *Lay-
Hypocrite* is to the *wother* a *Champion*,
Disciple, and *Subiect*, and will not ac-
knowledge the tythe of the *Subiection*,
to any *Miter*; no, not to any *Scepter*,
that he will do to the hook and crooke
of his *Zeale-blind Shepheard*. No *re-
sutes* demand more blind and absolute
obedience from their vassals; no *Magi-
strates* of the *Canting* societie, more flay
with subiection from the members of

Characters.

that travelling state, then the Clarke *Hypocrites* expect from these lay Pulpis. Nay, they must not only be obeyd, fed, and defended, but admired too : & that their Lay-followers doe sincerely, as a shirelesse fellow with a Cudgell vnder his arme doth a face-wringing *Ballad-singer* : a *Water-bearer* on the floore of a Play-house, a wide-mouth'd *Poet*, that speakes nothing but bladders and bum-bast. Otherwise, for life and profession, nature and Art, inward and outward : they agree in all, like *Canter* and *Gypsies*, they are all *zeale*, no *knowledge* : all *purity*, no *humanity* : all *simplicity*, no *honesty* : and if you neuer trust them, they will neuer deceiue you.

A Maquerela,

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A Maquerela, in plaine English, a Bawde,

ISanold *Char-cole*, that hath beene burnt her selfe, and therefore is able to kindle a whole greene Coppice. The burden of her song is like that of *Frier Bacons Head*; *Time is, Time was, and Time is past*: in repeating which, shee makes a wicked brazen face, and weepes in the cup, to allay the heat of her *Aqua vite*; Her teeth are false out, marry her nose, and chin; intend very shortly to bee friends, and meet about it. Her yeeres are sixty and odde: that shee accounts her best time of trading; for a *Bawde* is like a Medlar, shee's not ripe, till she be rotten. Her enuy is like that of the *Deuill*, to haue all faire women like her; & because tis impossible they should catch it being so young, she hurries them to it by diseases. Her *Parke* is a villanous barren ground; and all the Deere in it are

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Rascall: yet poore Cottagers in the Countrey (that know her but by heare-say) thinke well of her; for what she encloses to day, she makes *Common* to morrow. Her goods and her selfe are all removed in one sort, only she makes bold to take the vpper hand of them, and to be carted before them; the thought of which, makes her shee cannot endure a posset, because it puts her in minde of a Bason. Shee sits continually at a rackt Rent; especially, if her *Landlord* beare Office in the parish: for her moueables in the house; (besides her quicke cattel) they are not worth an *Inuentdry*, onely her beds are most commonly in print: she can easily turne a Sempstresse into a waiting Gentle-woman, but her Wardrobe is most infectious, for it brings them to the *Falling-sicknesse*: shee hath onely this one shew of *Temperance*: that let a Gentleman send for tennie pottles of wine in her house, hee shall haue but ten quarts; and if hee want it that way, let him pay for't, and take it out in stewd.

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stewd prunes. The Iustices Clark stands many times her very good friend ; and works her peace with the Iustice of *Quorum*. Nothing ioyes her so much, as the comming ouer of *Strangers*, nor daunts her so much, as the approach of Shrouetuesday. In fine, not to foule more paper with so foule a subiect, he that hath past vnder her, hath past the *Equinoctiall*; He that hath scap't her, hath scap't worse, then the *Calenture*.

A Chamber-maid.

Shee is her mistresses shee Secretary, and keepes the box of her teeth, her haire, and her painting very priuate. Her industry is vp staires, and downe staires like a Drawer : and by her dry hand you may know shee is a sore searcher. If she lye at her Masters beds feet shee is quit of the *Greene sicknesse* for e-

Character.

uer; For she hath terrible dreames when she's awak, as if she were troubled with the *Night-mare*. he hath a good liking to dwell i'th **C**ountry, but shee holds *L*ondon the goodliest Forreſt in *E*ngland, to shelter a great belly. She reads *G*reens works ouer and ouer, but is ſo carried away with the *M*irror of *K*nighthood, ſhe is many times reſolu'd to runne out of her ſelfe, and become a **L**ady Errand. If ſhe catch a clap, ſhe diuides it ſo equally betweene the Maſter and the ſeruing-man, as if ſhe had cut out the getting of it by a **T**hred: only the knaue *S*ummer makes her bowle booty, and ouer-reach the Maſter. The **P**edant of the houſe, though he promiſe her marriage, cānot grow further inward with her, ſhe hath paid for her credulity often, and now growes weary. Shee likes the forme of our marriage very wel, in that a woman is not tyde to answer to any Articles concerning queſtions of **V**irginity: Her minde her body, & clothes, are parcels looſely tackt together, and for want of
good

Characters.

good vtterance, she perpetually laughs out her meaning. Her Mistris and shee helpe to make away *Time*, to the idlest purpose that can bee, cyther for loue or mony. In brieft, these *Chambermaides* are like Lotteries: you may draw twenty, ere one worth any thing.

A Precisian.

TO speake no otherwise of this *varnisht rottennesse*, then in truth and veritie hee is, I must define him to bee a demure Creature, full of orall Sanctity, and mentall impietie; a faire obiekt to the eye, but starke naught for the vnderstanding: or else a violent thing, much giuen to contradiction. Hee will bee sure to be in opposition with the *Papist*, though it bee sometimes accompanied with an absurdity; like

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like the Ilanders neere adioyning vnto *China*, who salute by puting off their shooes, because the men of *China* doe it by their hats. If at any time he fast, it is vpon Sunday, & he is sure to feast vpon Friday. He can better affoord you tenne lies, than one oath; & dare commit any sinne gilded with a pretence of sanctity. He will not sticke to commit Fornication or Adulterie, so it be done in the feare of God, and for the propagation of the godly; and can find in his heart to lye with any whore, saue the whore of *Babylon*. To steale he holds it lawfull, so it be from the wicked & *Ægyptians*. He had rather see *Antichrist*, then a picture in the Church window: and chuseth sooner to bee false hanged, then see a legge at the name of *I E S V S*, or one stand at the *Creede*. He conceiues his prayer in the Kitchen, rather then in the Church; & is of so good discourse, that he dares challenge the *Almighty* to talke with him *ex tempore*. He thinkes euery Organist is in the state of damnation,

and

Characters.

and had rather heare one of *Robert Wisdome Psalmes*, then the best *Hymne* a *Cherubin* can sing. Hee will not breake wind without an *Apology*, or asking forgiuenesse, nor kisse a Gentlewoman for feare of lusting after her. He hath nicknamed all the Prophets and Apostles with his Sonnes, and begets nothing but *Vertues* for Daughters. Finally, hee is so sure of his saluation, that hee will not change places in heauen with the *Virgin Mary*, without boot.

An Innes of Court man

HEE is distinguished from a Scholler by a paire of silke stockings, and a Beauer Hat, which makes him contemn a Scholler as much as a Scholler doth a Schoolemaster: By that hee hath heard one mooting, and seen two playes, hee thinkes as basely of th

Characters.

Vniuersitie, as a young *Sophister* doth of the *Grammar-schoole*. Hee talkes of the *Vniuersitie*, with that state, as if hee were her *Chancellour*; findes fault with alterations, and the fall of *Discipline*, with an, *It was not so when I was a Student*; although that was within this halfe yere. Hee will talke ends of *Latine*, though it bee false, with as great confidence, as euer *Cicero* could pronounce an *Oration*, though his best authors for't be *Taernes* and *Ordinaries*. Hee is as farre behind a *Courtier* in his fashion, as a *Scholler* is behind him: and the best grace in his behauiour, is to forget his acquaintance.

Hee laughs at euery man whose Band fits not well, or that hath not a faire shoo-tie, and hee is ashamed to be seene in any mans company that weares not his clothes well. His very essence he placeth in his outside, and his chiefest praier is, that his reuenues may hold out for *Taffata* clokes in the Summer, and *eluet* in the Winter. For his recreatiō, he

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he had rather goe to a Citizens Wife, then a Bawdy house, only to saue charges : and hee holds Fee-taile to bee absolutely the best tenure. To his acquaintance hee offers two quarts of wine, for one hee giues. You shall neuer see him melancholly, but when he wants a new Suite, or feares a Sergeant: At which times only, he betakes himselfe to *Poydon*. By that he hath read *Littleton*, he can call *Solon*, *Lycurgus*, and *Iustinian*, fooles, and dares compare his Law to a *Lord Chiefe Iustices*.

A meere fellow of an house.

HE is one whose Hopes commonly exceed his fortunes, and whose minde sores aboue his purrse. If hee hath read *Tacitus*, *Gnicchardine*, or *Gallo-Belgicus*, he contemnes the *late Lord Treasurer*, for all the state-policy he

Characters:

had; and laughs to thinke what a foole he could make of *Salomon*, if hee were now aliue. Hee neuer weares new cloaths, but against a Commencement or a good time, and is Commonly a degree behinde the fashion. Hee hath sworne to see *London* once a yeere, though all his businesse be to see a play, walke a turne in *Pauls*, and obserue the fashion. Hee thinks it a discredit to be out of debt, which hee neuer likely cleares, without resignation mony. He wil not leaue his part he hath in the priuiledge ouer yong Gentlemen, in going bare to him, for the Empire of *Germany*: Hee prays as heartily for a sealing, as a *Gormorant* doth for a deare yeere: yet commonly hee spends that reuenue before he receiues it.

At meales, he sits in as great state ouer his *Peny-Commons*, as euer *Vitellius* did at his greatest Banquet: & takes great delight in comparing his fare to my Lord *Mayors*.

If hee be a leader of a *Faction*, hee thinks

Characters.

thinks himselfe greater then euer *Cesar* was, or the *Turke* at this day is. And hee had rather lose an inheritance then an Office, when he stands for it.

If he be to trauell, hee is longer furnishing himselfe for a five miles iourney, then a ship is rigging for a seuen yeeres voyage. He is neuer more troubled, then when hee is to maintaine talke with a Gentle-woman: wherein hee commits more absurdities, then a Clowne in eating of an egge.

He thinkes himselfe as fine when hee is in a cleane band, and a new paire of shooes, as any Courtier doth, when hee is first in a New-fashion.

Lastly, he is one that respects no man in the *Vniuersity*, and is respected by no man out of it.

A worthy

A Worthy Commander in the Warres

IS one, that accounts learning the nourishment of military vertue, and laies that as his first foundation. Hee neuer bloodies his sword but in heate of battel; and had rather saue one of his owne Souldiers, then kill ten of his enemies. Hee accounts it an idle, vaine-glorious, & suspected bounty, to be full of good words; his rewarding therefore of the deseruer arriues so timely, that his liberality can neuer be said to be gowty-handed. He holds it next his Creed, that no Coward can be an honest man, and dare die in't. He doth not thinke his body yelds a more spreading shadow after a victory then before; & when he looks vpon his enemies dead body, tis a kind of noble heauinesse, no insultation; he is so honourably mercifull to women in

Characters.

surprizall, that onely, that makes him an excellent Courtier. He knowes, the hazard of battels, not the pompe of Ceremonies, are Souldiers best Theaters, and striues to gaine reputation, not by the multitude, but by the greatnesse of his actions. Hee is the first ingiuing the charge, and the last in retiring his foot. Equall toyle he endures with the Common Souldier: from his example they all take fire, as one Torch lights many. Hee vnderstands in warre, there is no meane to erre twice; the first, and least fault beeing sufficient to ruine an Army: faults therfore he pardons none; they that are presidents of disorder, or mutiny, repaire it by being examples of his *Justice*. Besiedge him neuer so strictly, so long as the ayre is not cut from him, his heart faints not. He hath learned as well to make vse of a victory, as to get it, and pursuing his enemies like a whirle-wind carries all afore him being assured, if euer a man will benefit himselfe vpon his foe, then is the time,

Characters.

when they haue lost force, wisdom, courage, & reputation. The goodnes of his cause is the speciall motiue to his valour; neuer is he knowne to slight the weak'st enemy that coms arm'd against him in the hand of *Justice*. Hasty and ouermuch heat he accounts the *Stepdame* to all great actions, that will not suffer them to driue: if he cannot ouercome his *Enemy* by force, he do's it by *Time*. If euer he shake hands with war, he can dye more calmly then most Courtiers, for his continuall dangers haue been as it were so many meditations of death; he thinkes not out of his owne calling, when hee accounts life a continuall warfare, and his prayers then best become him when armed *Cap a pea*. Hee vtters them like the great *Hebrew Generall*, on horsebacke. Hee casts a smiling contempt vpon *Calumny*, it meets him as if *Glasse* should encounter *Adamant*. He thinkes warre is neuer to bee giuen off, but on one of these three conditions: an assured *peace*, absolute *victory*,

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or an honest *death*. Lastly, when peace folds him vp, his siluer head should lean neere the golden Scepter, and dye in his *Princes* bosome.

A wayne-glorious Coward in Command,

IS one, that hath bought his place, or come to it by some Noble-mans letter : hee loues a life dead payes, yet wishes they may rather happen in his Company by the scuruy, then by a battell. View him at a muster, and he goes with such a noise, as if his body were the wheele-barrow that carried his iudgement rumbling to dril his Souldiers. No man can worse define betweene *Pride* and noble *Courtesie* : hee that salutes him not so farre as Pistoll carries leuell, giues him the *disgust* or *affront* : chuse you whether. He traines by the

Characters.

booke, and reckons so many postures of the Pike and Musket, as if hee were counting at Noddy. When hee comes at first vpon a Camisado, hee looks like the foure windes in painting, as if hee would blow away the enemy; but at the very first on-set, suffers feare and trembling to dresse themselves in his face apparantly. He scornes any man should take place before him : yet at the entering of a *breach*, hee hath been so humble-minded, as to let his Lieutenant lead his Troopes for him. He is so sure armed for taking hurt, that hee seldome does any : and while hee is putting on his Armes, hee is thinking what summe hee can make to satisfie his ransome. He will raile openly against all the great *Commanders* of the aduerse party; yet in his owne conscience allows them for better men : such is the nature of his feare, that contrary to all other filthy qualities, it makes him thinke better of another man then himselfe. The first part of him that is set a running, is his

Characters.

Eye-sight: when that is once struck with terrour, all the *Costine Phisicke* in the world cannot stay him; if euer hee doe any thing beyond his own heart, tis for a *Knighthood*, and hee is the first kneeles for't without bidding.

A Pyrate

TRuely defined, is a *bold Traytor*; for hee fortifies a Castle against the King. Giue him Sea-roome in neuer so small a vessell, and like a witch in a sciuie, you would thinke hee were going to make merry with the Diuell. Of all callings his is the most desperate, for he will not leaue off his theeuing, though he be in a narrow prison, and looke euer-y day (by tempest or fight) for execution. Hee is one plague the Diuell hath added, to make the Sea more terrible then a storme; and his heart is so hardned in that rugged element, that hee

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Characters.

cannot repent, though he view his graue (before him) continually open: he hath so little of his own, that the house hee sleeps in is stoln; all the necessities of life hee filches, but one: hee cannot steale a sound sleep, for his troubled conscience. Hee is very gentle to those vnder him, yet his rule is the horriblemst tyranny in the world, for hee giues licence to all rape, murder, and cruelty, in his owne example: what hee gets, is small vse to him, onely liues by it, (somewhat the longer) to do a little more seruice to his belly; for he throwes away his treasure vpon the shore in riot, as if he cast it into the Sea. He is a *cruell Hawke* that flies at all but his owne kinde: and as a *Whale* neuer comes ashore but when shee is wounded; so hee very seldome, but for this necessities. He is the *Merchants book*, that serues onely to reckon vp his losses; a *perpetuall plague* to noble traffique, the *Hurican of the Sea*, and the *Earth-quake of the Exchange*. Yet for all this giue him but his pardon, and forgiue him restitution,

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tion, he may live to know the inside of a Church, and die on this side Wapping.

An ordinary Fencer

IS a fellow, that beside shauing of Cudgels, hath a good insight into the world, for hee hath long beene beaten to it. Flesh and blood hee is like other men; but surely nature meant him *Stockfish*: his, and a Dancing-schoole, are inseparable adiuncts; and are bound, though both stinke of sweate most abominable, neither shall complaine of annoyance: three large Bauns set vp his Trade, with a Bench; which (in the vacation of the after-noone) hee vses for his day-bed: for a firkin to pisse in, hee shall be allowed that, by those make *Allem*: when hee comes on the Stage at his Prize, hee makes a legge seven severall wayes, and

Characters.

scrambles for mony, as if hee had beene borne at the *Bathe* in *Somersetshire*: at his challenge he shewes his metall; for contrary to all rules of Physick, he dares bleed, though it bee in the dog-dayes: hee teaches *Denillish* play in's Schoole, but when he fights himselfe, he doth it in the feare of a good Christian, he compounds quarrels among his Schollers, and when he hath brought the businesse to a good vpshot, he makes the reckoning. His wounds are seldome aboue skin-deepe; for an inward bruise, Lambstones and sweet-breads are his onely *Sperma Ceti*, which he eats at night, next his heart fasting: strange Schoole-masters they are, that every day set a man as farre backward as he went forward; & throwing him into a strange posture, teach him to thresh satisfaction out of iniurie. One signe of a good nature is, that hee is still open breasted to his friends: for his foile, and his doublet, weare not out aboue two buttons, and resolute he is, for he so much scorns to take blowes, that

Characters.

that hee neuer weares *Cuffes*; and hee liues better contented with a little, than other men; for if he haue two eyes in's head, he thinkes Nature hath ouerdone him. The Lord *Mayors* triumph makes him a man, for that's his best time to flourish. Lastly, these fencers are such things, that care not if all the world were ignorant of more letters then on-ly to read their Patent.

A Punny-Clarke.

HEe is tane from *Grammar-schoole* halfe codled, and can hardly shake off his dreames of breeching in a twelue moneth. Hee is a Farmers sonne, and his fathers vtmost ambition is to make him an *Atturney*. Hee doth itch towards a Poet, and greases his breeches extremely with feeding without a napkin. He studies false Dice

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Characters.

to cheat Costermongers, and is most chargeable to the Butler of some *Inne of Chancery*, for pissing in their greenpots. Hee eats Ginger-bread at a play-house; and is so sawcy, that he ventures fairely for a broken pate at the banquetting-house, & ha'n it. He would neuer come to haue any wit, but for a long *vacation*, for that makes him bethinke him how he shall shift another day. Hee prayes hotly against fasting; and so he may sup well on Friday nights, hee cares not though his master bee a *Puritane*. Hee practises to make the words in his *Declaration* spread, as a Sewer doth the dishes at a Nigards Table; a Clarke of a swooping *Dash*, is as commendable as a Flanders horse of a large taile. Though you be neuer so much delay'd, you must not call his Master knaue; that makes him goe beyond himselfe, and write a Challenge in Court-hand; for it may be his own another day. These are some certaine of his *liberall faculties*: but in the Tearme time, his Clog is a *Buckrom Bag*.

Characters.

Fig. Lastly, which is great pittie, hee neuer comes to his full growth, with bearing on his shoulder the sinfull burthen of his Master at severall Courts in *Westminster*.

A Foot-man.

Let him bee neuer so well made, yet his legges are not matches, for hee is still setting the best foote forward. He will neuer be a staid man, for he has had a running head of his owne, euer since his child-hood. His mother (which out of question, was a light-heel'd wench) knew it, yet let him runne his race; thinking age would reclaime him from his wilde courses. He is very long winded; and, without doubt, but that hee hates naturally to serue on horse-backe, hee had prooued an excellent Trumpet. He has one happinesse aboue

Characters.

all the rest of the Servingmen: for when he most over-reaches his Master, hee is best thought of. Hee liues more by his owne heat then the warmth of clothes; and the waiting-woman hath the greatest fancy to him, when he is in his close trouses. Gardes he weares none; which makes him liue more vpright than any grosse-gartered Gentlemanvs her. Tis impossible to draw his picture to the life, cause a man must take it as he's running; onely this, Horses are vsfully let blood on *S. Stevens* day: on *S. Patricks* he takes rest, and is drencht for all the yeere after.

A Noble and retired House-keeper

IS one whose bounty is limited by reason, not ostentation: and to make it last, hee deales it discreetly, as wee sowe the furrow, not by the sacke, but by

Characters,

by the handfull. His word and his meaning neuer shake hands and part, but alway goe together. He can suruay good, and loue it, and loues to doe it himselfe, for it owne sake, not for thanks. He knowes there is no such misery as to outliue good name, nor no such folly as to put it in practise. His mind is so secure, that *thunder* rockes him asleepe, which breakes other mens slumbers, *Nobility* lightens in his eyes: and in his face and gesture is painted, *The god of Hospitality*. His great houses beare in their front more durance, then state; vnlesse this adde the greater state to them, that they promise to out-last much of our new phantasticall building. His *heart* neuer growes old, no more then his *memory*, whether at his booke or on horsebacke; hee passeth his time in such noble exercise, a man cannot say, any time is lost by him: nor hath he onely yeeres, to approue he hath liued till he be old, but *vertues*. His thoughts haue a high *ayme*, though their dwelling be in the *Vale of*

Characters.

an *humble heart*, whence as by an *Engin^e*
(that raises water to fall, that it may rise
the higher) he is heightned in his humi-
lity. The *Adamant* serues not for all
Seas, but this doth; for hee hath, as it
were, put a gird about the whole world,
and found all her *quicke-sands*. Hee hath
this hand ouer *Fortune*, that her iniuries,
how violent or sudden soeuer, they doe
not daunt him; for whether his time
call him to liue or die, hee can doe both
nobly: if to fall, his descent is brest to
brest with vertue; and euen then,
like the *Sunne* neere his Set,
hee shewes vnto the
world his *clearest*
counenance.

An

Charaders.

An Intruder into favour,

IS one, that builds his reputation on others infamy : for slander is most commonly his morning prayer. His passions are guided by *Pride*, and followed by *Injustice*. An inflexible anger against some poore sutor, hee falsly calls a *Courageous constancie*, and thinkes the best part of grauity to consist in a ruffled forehead. He is the most slavishly submisse; though enuious to those that are in better place then himselfe; and knowes the *Art of words* so wel, that (for shrowding dishonesty vnder a fair pretext) he seems to preferue mud in *Chrystall*. Like a man of a kinde nature, hee is the first good to himselfe, in the next file, to his *French Taylor*, that giues him all his perfection : for indeed, like an *Estridge*, or *Bird of Paradise*, his feathers are more worth then his body. If euer hee doe
good

Characters:

good deed (which is very seldome) his owne mouth is the *Chronicle* of it, lest it should die forgotten. His whole body goes all vpon *screwes*, and his face is the *vice* that moues them. If his *Patron* bee giuen to musicke, hee opens his chops, and *sings*, or with a wric necke, fals to tuning his instrument: if that faile, hee takes the height of his Lord with a *Hawking pole*. He followes the mans fortune, not the man: seeking thereby to increase his owne. He pretends he is most vnderferuedly enuied, & cries out, remembering the game, *Chesse*, that a *Pawne* before a King is most playd on. Debts hee owes none, but shrewd turns, and those he payes ere he be sued. He is a flattering *glasse* to conceale age, and wrinkles. He is *Mountaines Monkie*, that climbing a tree, and skipping from bough to bough, giues you backe his face; but come once to the top, he holds his nose vp into the winde, and shewes you his tayle: yet all this gay glitter, shewes on him, as if the *Sunne* shone

Characters.

in a puddle ; for hee is a small wine that will not last ; and when hee is falling, hee goes of himselfe faster then misery can driue him.

A faire and happy Milke-maid

IS a Countrey Wench, that is so farre from making her selfe beautifull by Art, that one looke of hers is able to put *all face-Physicke* out of countenance. She knowes a faire looke is but a *Dumbe Orator* to commend vertue, therefore mindes it not. All her excellencies stands in her so silently, as if they had stolne vpon her without her knowledge. The lining of her apparell (which is her selfe) is farre better than outsid^e of *Tissu* : for though she be not arrayed in the spoile of the *Silke-worme*, shee is deckt in *innocency*, a far better wearing. Shee doth not, with lying long abed, spoile

Characters.

spoil both her *complexion* and *conditions* ;
nature hath taught her, too *immoderate*
sleep is rust to the Soule : shee rises there-
fore with *Chaunticleare* her daines Cock,
and at night makes the *Lambe* her
Corfew. In milking a Cow, and straying
the Teares through her fingers, it
seemes that so sweete a Milke-press
makes the Milke the whiter or sweeter;
for neuer came *Almond Gloue* or *Aroma-
tique Oyntment* of her Palme to taint it.
The golden eares of corne fall and kisse
her feet when shee reapes them, as if
they wisht to be bound & led prisoners
by the same hand that sell'd them. Her
breath is her owne, which fents all the
yeer long of *June*, like a new made Hay-
cock. She makes her hand hard with la-
bour, and her heart soft with pittie: and
when winters euenings fall early (sitting
at her mery wheele) she sings a defiance
to the giddy wheele of *Fortune*. She doth
all things with so sweet a grace, it seems
ignorance will not suffer her to doe
ill, beeing her minde is to doe well.

Characters.

Shee bestowes her yeeres wages at next fair; and in chusing her garments, counts no brauery i'th' world, like decency. The *Garden* and *Bee-hiue* are all her *Physicke* and *Chyrurgery*, and she liues the longer for't. Shee dares goe alone, and vnfold sheepe i'th' night, and feares no manner of ill, because shee meanes none: yet to say truth, she is neuer alone, for shee is still accompanied with old *songs*, *honest thoughts*, and *prayers*, but short ones; yet they haue their efficacie, in that they are not pauled with insuing idle cogitations. Lastly, her dreames are so chaste, that she dare tell them: onely a *Fridaies* dream is all her *superstition*: that she concoales for feare of anger. Thus liues she, and all her care is shee may die in the *Spring-time*, to haue store of flowers stucke vpon her winding-sheet.

An

Characters.

An arrant Horse-courser

HAth the trick to blow vp Horse-flesh, as the Butcher doth Veale, which shall wash out againe in twice riding twixt *Waltham* and *London*. The Trade of Spurre making had decayed long since, but for this vngodly tyre-man. Hee is curst all ouer the foure ancient High-ways of England; none but the blind men that sell switches i' th' Road are beholding to him. His Stable is fill'd with so many Diseases, one would thinke most part about Smith-field were an Hospitall for Horses, or a slaughter house of the Common-hunt. Let him furnish you with a Hackney, 'tis as much as if the Kings-warrant ouertooke you within ten miles to stay your iourney. And though a man cannot say, hee couzens you directly; yet any Ostler within ten miles, should hee be

Characters.

bee brought vpon his Booke-oath, will
affirme hee hath laid a bayt for you.
Resolue when you first stretch your
selfe in the stirrops, you are put as it
were vpon some Vsurer, that will neuer
beare with you past his day. Hee were
good to make one that had the Collicke
alight often, and (if example will cause
him) make vrine; let him onely for that
say, *Gra'mercy Horse*. For his sale of hor-
ses, hee hath false couers for all manner
of Diseases, onely comes short of one
thing (which hee despaires not vtterly
to bring to perfection) to make a horse
goe on a wooden legge and two crut-
ches. For powdring his eares with
Quicksiluer, and giuing him supposito-
ries of liue Ecles he's expert. All the
while you are a cheapning, he fears you
will not bite; but he laughs in his sleue,
when he hath coozened you in earnest.
French-men are his best Chapmen, hee
keepees amblers for them on purpose,
and knowes hee can deceiue them very
easily. He is so constant to his Trade,

Character:.

that while he is awake, he tries any man he talkes with, and when he's asleepe, he dreams very fearefully of the paining of Smithfield, for he knowes it would founder his occupation.

A Roaring Boy.

His life is a meere counterfet Patent : which neuerthelesse makes many a Countrey Iustice tremble. *Don Quixotes Water-Milles* are still Scotch Bagpipes to him. Hee sends Challenges by word of mouth: for he protests (as he is a Gentleman & a brother of the Sword) he can neither write nor read. He hath runne through diuers parcels of Land, & great houses, beside both the Counters. If any priuate quarrell happen among our great Courtiers, hee proclaimes the *businesse*, that's the word, the *businesse* ; as if the vniited forces of the

Romish

Characters.

Romish Catholickes were making vp for Germany. He cheats young Guls that are newly come to Towne; and when the keeper of the Ordinary blames him for it, he answer him in his owne Profession, that a *Woodcocke* must be pluckt ere he be drest. He is a *Superior* to Brothels, and in them is a more villawfull reformer of vice, then Prentices on Shroue-Tuesday. He loues his Friend, as a Counsellor at law loues the velvet breeches he was first made Barrester in, hee'l be sure to weare him thred-bare ere he forsake him. He sleepe with a Tobacco-pipe in's mouth; and his first prayer i'th' morning is, hee may remember whom he fell out with overnight. *Souldier* hee is none, for hee cannot distinguish twene *Onion seeds* and *Guns powder*: if hee haue worne it in his hollow tooth for the Toothach; and so come to the knowledge of it, that's all. The Tenure by which he holds his meanes, is an estate at will; and that's borrowing. Landlords haue but foure

Character.

Quarter dayes, but hee three hundred
and odd. Hee keepes very good Com-
paign; yet is a man of no *restoring*: and
when he goes not drunke to bed, hee is
very sick next morning. He commonly
dies like a *straw*, with a Grape in's
throat, or a *needle*, with fire in a mar-
row. And I have heard of some (that
have scap't hanging) begg'd for *Aban-
don*, only to deterre men from taking
Tobacco.

*Hee is a man of a good nature, and
a good heart, and a good will, and
a good mind, and a good body, and
a good soul, and a good spirit, and
a good conscience, and a good heart,*

*and a good will, and a good mind, and
a good body, and a good soul, and a
good spirit, and a good conscience, and
a good heart, and a good will, and
a good mind, and a good body, and
a good soul, and a good spirit, and
a good conscience, and a good heart,*

I shut a Quarter-Master with his wife
the links of Butter, as if hee were
noised all over for the Itch. Let him
come out, such so leane, and plant him
but one Month neere the Brew-houses
in *St. Katharines*, and hee'll be puff up to
your hand like a bloate Harting. Of all
places

Character.

places of pleasure, he loues a Common Garden, and (with the Swine of the Parish) had neede bee ringed for footing. Next to these he effects Lotteries naturally; and bequeathes the best prize in his Will aforesaid; when his hopes fall, hee's blanke. They swarme in great Tenements like Flies: fixe Households will liue in a Garret. He was wont (onely to make vs fooles) to buy the Fox skin for three pence, & sell the taile for a shilling. Now his new Trade of brewing Strong-waters makes a number of mad-men. Hee loues a Welshman extremely for his Diet and Orthography: that is, for pluralitie of consonants, and cheese. Like a Horse, hee's onely guided by the mouth: when hee's drunke, you may thrust your hand into him like an Heleskinne, and strip him, his inside outwards. Hee hoordes vp faire gold, and pretends 'tis to soethe in his Wiues broth for a consumption, and loues the memorie of King Henry the 8. most especially for his old Soueraignes.

Characters.

He saies we are vniuersally to lament the decay of Timber in England: for all manner of buildings or Fortification whatsoever, he desires no other thing in the world, then Barrells and Hop-poles. To conclude, the onely two plagues hee trembles at, is smal Beere, and the Spanish Inquisition.

A Phantastique.

An Improuident young Gallant.

THere is a confederacy betweene him and his clothes, to bee made a puppy: view him well, and you'll say his Gentry sits as ill vpon him, as if he had bought it with his penny. He hath more places to send money to, then the Diuel hath to send his spirits: and to furnish each Mistresse, would make him run besides his wits, if he had any to lose. Hee

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Characters.

accounts bashfulness the wickedst thing in the world; and therefore studies Impudence. If all men were of his minde, all honesty would be out of fashion: hee withers his Cloathes on a Stage, as a Sale-man is forc't to doe his sutes in Birchin-lane; and when the Play is done, if you marke his rising, 'tis with a kinde of walking Epilogue betweene the two candles, to know if his Suite may passe for currant: he studies by the discretion of his Barber, to frizle like a Baboone: three such would keepe three the nimblest Barbers in the town, from euer ha-ving leisure to weare net-Garters: for when they haue to do with him, they haue many Irons in'th fire. He is traueled, but to little purpose; only went ouer for a squirt, and came backe againe, yet neuer the more mended in his conditions, 'cause hee carried himselfe along with him: a Scholler hee pretends himselfe, and sayes he hath sweat for it: but the truth is, hee knowes *Cornelius* farre betrer than *Tacitus*: his ordinary sports

Characters.

are Cock-fights: but the most frequent, horse races, from whence hee comes home dry-foundred. Thus when his purse hath cast her calfe, he goes downe into the Country: where hee is brought milke and white cheese like the *Switzers*.

A BUTTON-MAKER of *Amsterdam,*

IS one that is fled ouer for his *Conscience*; and left his wife and children vpon the *Parish*. For his knowledge, hee is meerely a *Horne-booke* without a *Christ-Crosse*: afore it: and his zeale consists much in hanging his Bible in a Dutch button: hee coozens men in the purity of his cloathes: and twas his onely ioy when he was on this side, to be in Prison: he cries out, 'Tis impossible for any man to be damn'd, that liues in his Reli-

Characters.

Religion, & his equiuocation is true: as long as a man liues in't, he cannot; but if he die in't, there's the question. Of all Feasts in the yeere, he accounts *S. Georges Feast* the prophaneſt, becauſe of *S. Georges Croſſe*, yet ſometime hee doth ſacrifice to his owne belly; provided, that he put off the Wake of his owne natiuity, or wedding, till *good Friday*. If there bee a great Feaſt in the Towne, though moſt of the wicked (as he calls them) be there, he will be ſure to bee a gueſt, and to out-eat ſix of the fatt'eſt *Burgers*: he thinkes, though he may not pray with a *Jew*, he may eat with a *Jew*: hee winks when hee prayes, and thinkes he knowes the way ſo now to heauen, that he can finde it blindfold. Latine he accounts the language of the *Beaſt* with ſeuen heads; and when he ſpeakes of his owne Countrey, cries, hee is fled out of *Babel*. Laſtly, his deuotion is *Obſtinacy*, the onely ſolace of his heart, *Contradiſtinction*; and his maine end, *Hypocriſie*.

A diſſaſter.

A Disaster of the Time

IS a *Winter Grasshopper* all the yeere long that lookes backe vpon *Haruest*, with a leane paire of cheekes, neuer sets forward to meet it : his malice suckes vp the greatest part of his owne venome, and therewith impoisoneth himselfe : and this sicknesse rises rather of *selfe-opinion*, or *over-great expectation* ; so in the conceit of his owne over-worthinesse, like a *Caistrrell*, hee striues to fill himselfe with winde ; and flies against it. Any mans aduancement is the most capitall offence that can bee to his malice : yet this enuy, like *Phalaris Bull*, makes that a torment, first for himselfe, hee prepared for others: hee is a *Day-bed for the Diuell* to slumber on ; his blood is of a yellowish colour ; like those that haue beene bitten by *Vipers*; and his gaule flowes as thicke in him as oyle in a poyson'd stomacke.

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make. He infects all society, as thunder
sowres wine : warre or peace, dearth or
plenty; makes him equally discontented.
And where he finds no cause to tax
the State, he descends to raile against
the rate of Salt butter. His wishes are
whirle-windes; which breath'd forth, re-
turne into himselfe, & make him a most
giddy and tottering vessell. When he is
awake, & goes abroad, he doth but walk
in his sleepe, for his visitation is directed
to none; his businesse is nothing. He is
often dumbe-mad, & goes fetter'd in his
owne entrailles. Religion is commonly
his pretence of discontent, though he can
be of all religions; therefore truely of
none. Thus by vnnaturalizing himselfe,
some would thinke him a very danger-
ous fellow to the State, but hee is not
greatly to be fear'd: for this deiection
of his, is onely like a Rogue that goes
on his knees and elbowes in the mire, to
further his cogging.

A mere

A meere fellow of an House

EXamines all mens carriage but his owne; and is so kinde-natured to himselfe, hee findes fault with all mens but his owne. Hee weares his apparell much after the fashion; his meanes will not suffer him come too nigh: they afford him *Macquelines*, or *Satinisco*; but not without the Colledges next leases acquaintance; his inside is of the selfe-same fashion, not rich: but as it reflects from the glasse of selfe-liking, there *Craesus* is *Irus* to him. Hee is a *Pedant* in shew, though his title be *Tutor*; and his *Pupils*, in broader phrase, are *school-boys*. On these he spends the false gallop of his tongue; and with senselesse discourse towes them along, not out of ignorance. Hee shewes them the rinde, conceales the sap: by this meanes hee keeps them the longer, himselfe the better. He hath learnt to cough, and spit, & blow

Characters.

blow his nose at every period, to recover his memory: and studies chiefly to set his eyes and beard to a new forme of learning. His Religion lies in waite for the inclination of his Patron; neither ebbs nor flows, but just standing water, betwixt the *Protestant* and *Papist*. His dreames are of pluralitie of Benefices and Non-residency; and when he rises, asks a long Grace to his looking glasse. Against mee comes to bee some great mans Chaplaine; he hath a habit of boldnesse, though a very Coward. He speaks swords, Fights, *Ergo's*: His pace on foot is a measure; on horse-back a gallop: for his legs are his own, though horse and spurres are borrowed. He hath lesse use then possession of Bookes. He is not so proud, but he will call the meanest Author by his name; nor so vnskilful in the Herauldry of a study, but he knowes each mans place. So ends that fellowship, and begins another.

Characters.

A meere Pettyfogger.

IS one of *Samsons* *Paras*: Hee sets men together by the eares, more shamefully then *P. Hories*; and in a long vacation his sport is to goe a fishing with the *Peasants*. He cannot erre before Iudgement, and then you see it, Onely *writs of error* are the *Tankers* that keepe his *Clients* vndoing somewhat the longer. Hee is a *vestry-man* in his *Parish*, and easily sets his neighbour at variance with the *Vicar*, when his wicked *Counsell* on both sides is like weapons put into mens hands by a *Fencer*, whereby they get blowes, he money. His honesty and learning bring him to *Under-Sheriffeshippe*, in which hauing thrice ruine through, hee doe's not feare the *Lieutenant o' the Shire*; nay more, hee feares not God. Cowardise holds him a good *Commonwealths man*; his penne is the plough, and parch-
ment

Characters.

ment the Soyle, whence he reapes both Coyne and Curses. Hee is an *Earthquake*, that willingly will let no ground lye in quiet. Broken titles make him whole; to haue halfe in the Countie break their Bonds, were the onely liberty of conscience. Hee would wish (though he be a *Brammist*) no neighbour of his should pay his Tithes duly, if such Sutes held continuall Riez at *Westminster*. He cannot away with the reuerend Service in our Church, because it ends with *The peace of God*. Hee lodes blowes extremely, and hath his *Chirurgian* bill of all rates, from head to foote, to incense the surie: hee would not gaine away his yeerely beatings for a good peece of mony. Hee makes his Will in forme of a Law-case, full of quiddins, that his friends after his death (if for nothing else; yet) for the veneration of Lawe, may haue cause to remember him. And if hee thought the ghosts of men did walke againe! (as they report in time of Popery) sure hee would hide

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hide some single money in *Westminster-Hall*, that his spirit might haunt there. Only with this, I will pitch him o're the Barre, and leave him, That his fingers itch after a Brite, ever since his first practising of Court-hand.

An Ingrosser of Corne.

T Here is no vermine in the Land like him, hee blanders both Heauen and Earth with pretended Dearth, when there's no cause of scarcity. His hoording in a deere yeere, is like *Briftions Bowels in Ouid*: *Quodique vixibus esse, quodq; satis paruas populo, non sufficit vni*; he prayes daily for more inclosures, and knowes no reason in his Religion, why wee should call our forefathers dayes, *The time of ignorance*, but onely because they sold Wheate for twelue pence a bushell. He wishes that *Dan* he were at the *Moloch*; and had rather bee cer-

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certaine of some forraine inuasion, then of the setting vp of the Stilyard. When his barnes and garneres are full (if it be a time of dearth) he will buy halfe a busheli'th' Market to serue his Household: and winnowes his Corne in the night; lest, as the Chaffe throwne vpon the water, shew'd plenty in Ægypt; so his (carried by the winde) should proclaime his abundance. No painting pleases him so well, as *Pharaohs* dreame of the seuen leane Kine, that ate vp the fat ones; that he has in his Parlor, which he will describe to you like a motion, & his cōment ends with a smothered prayer for the like scarcety. He cannot away with Tobaccō; for he is perswaded (and not much amisse) that tis a sparer of bread-corne; which he could finde in's heart to transport without Licence: but weighing the penalty, he grows mealy-mouth'd and dares not. Sweet smells he cannot abide; wishes that the pure aire were generally corrupted: nay, that the spring had lost her fragrancie for euer,

Characters.

or we our superfluous sense of smelling, (as he rearmes it) that his Corne might not be found musty. The Poore hee accounts the Iustices intelligencers, & cannot abide them: he complaines of our negligence of discovering new parts of the world, onely to rid them from our Climate. His Sonne, by a certaine kind of instinct, he bindes Prentice to a Taylor, who all the terme of his Indenture, hath a deare yeere in's belly, and rauins bread extremely: when he comes to be a free-man (if it be a dearth) he marries him to a Bakers daughter.

A Deuillish Vsurer

IS sowed as *Cummin* or *Hempe-seede*, with curses; and he thinkes he thrives the better. He is farre better read in the *Pennall Statutes*, then the Bible; and his
euill

Character:.

euill angell perfwades him, he shall sooner be saued by them. He can bee no mans friend; for all men he hath most interest in, he vndoos: and a double dealer he is certainly; for by his good will, hee euer takes the forfeit. He puts his mony to the vnnaturall A&t of generation; and his Scriu'ner is the superuisor bawd to't. Good Deedes he loues none, but Seal'd and Deliuered: nor doth he with any thing to thrive in the Countrey, but Bee-hiues; for they make him wax rich. He hates all but Law-Latine, yet thinks he might be drawne to loue a Scholler, could he reduce the .yeere to a shorter compasse, that his vse money might come in the faster. He seemes to be the sonne of a Iaylor, for all his estate is in most heauy & cruel bonds. He doth not giue, but sell daies of paiement, & those at the rate of a mans vndoing: he doth only feare the day of Iudgement should fal sooner, thā the paiement of som great sum of money due to him: hee remoues his lodging when a subsidie comes; & if

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hee bee found out, and pay it, he grumbles Treason; but tis in such a deformed silence, as Witches raise their spirits in. Grauity hee pretends in all things, but in his priuate Whore; for hee will not in a hundred pound take one light fixepence; and it seemes hee was at *Tilbury Campe*; for you must not tell him of a *Spaniard*. Hee is a man of no conscience; for (like the *lake-farmer* that swounded with going into Bucklersbury) hee falls into a cold sweat, if hee but looke into the Chauncerie: thinkes in his Religion, wee are in the right for euery thing, if that were abolisht: hee hides his money as if hee thought to find it againe at the last day, and then begin's old trade with it. His clothes plead prescription; and whether they or his body are more rotten, is a question: yet should hee liue to bee hang'd in them, this good they would doe him, The very Hangman would pittie his ease. The Table hee keepes, is able to sterue twenty tall men; his seruants

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uants haue not their liuing, but their dying from him, & that's of Hunger. A spare diet he commends in all men, but himselfe: he comes to Cathedrals only for loue of the singing-boyes, because they looke hungry. He likes our Religion best, because tis best cheape; yet would faine allow of Purgatorie, cause 'twas of his Trade, and brought in so much money: his heart goes with the same snaphiance his purse doth, tis seldom open to any man: friendship hee accounts but a word without any signification; nay, he loues all the world so little, that & it were possible, he would make himselfe his owne Executor: for certaine, hee is made Administrator to his owne good name, while he is in perfect memory, for that dyes long afore him; but he is so far from being at the charge of a Fuuerall for it, that he lets it stinke aboue ground. In conclusion, for neighbourhood, you were better dwell by a contentious Lawyer. And for his death, tis either Surfet, the Pox, or des-

Characters.

paire, for seldome such as he die of Gods making, as honest men should do.

A Water-man

IS one that hath learnt to speake well of himselfe; for alwaies he names himselfe, *The first Man*. If he had betane himself to some richer Trade, he could not haue choos'd but done well. For in this (though it be a meane one) he is still plying it, and putting himselfe forward. He is euermore telling strange Newes, most commonly lyes. If he be a Sculler, aske him if he be married, he'l equiuocate and sweare he's a single man. Little trust is to be giuen to him, for he thinks that day he does best, when he fetches most men ouer. His daily labour teaches him the art of dissembling: for like a fellow that rides to the pillory, he goes not that way he lookes: he keepes such a bawling at Westminster, that if the Lawyers were not acquainted with it,

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Characters.

an order would be tane with him. When he is vpon the Water, he is Fare-company : when he comes ashore, he mutinies ; and contrary to all other Trades, is most surly to Gentlemen, when they tender payment : the Play-houses onely keepe him sober ; and as it doth many other Gallants, make him an after-noonnes man. London-bridge is the most terriblest eye-sore to him that can be. And to conclude, nothing but a great *Presse*, makes him flye from the River ; nor any thing, but a great *Frost*, can teach him any good manners.

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A Reverend Iudge

IS one that desires to haue his greatness, onely measur'd by his goodnes: his care is to appeare such to the people, as he would haue them bee; and to bee himselfe such as he appeares; for vertue cannot seeme one thing, & be another: hee knowes that the hill of greatness yeeldes a most delightfull prospect; but withall, that it is most subiect to lightning, and thunder: and that the people, as in ancient *Tragedies*, sit & censure the actions of those in authority: he squares his owne therefore, that they may farre bee aboue their pittie: hee wishes fewer Laws, so they were better obseru'd: and for those are mulctuarie, he vnderstands their institution not to be like briers or Springes, to catch euery thing they lay hold of; but like Sea-markes (on our dangerous *Goodwin*) to auoide the ship-wracke

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wracke of ignorant passengers: he hates to wrong any man; neither hope, nor despaire of preferment can draw him to such an exigent: hee thinkes himselfe then most honourably seated, when hee giues mercy the vpper hand: hee rather striues to purchase good name, then land; and of all rich stufes forbidden by the Statute, loathes to haue his Followers weare their cloathes cut out of bribes and extortions. If his Prince call him to higher place, there hee deliuers his minde plainely, and freely, knowing for truth, there is no place wherein dissembling ought to haue lesse credit, than in a Princes Councell. Thus honor keeps peace with him to the graue, and doth not (as with many) there forsake him, and goe backe with the Heralds: but fairely sits ore him, and broods out of his memory, many right excellent Common-wealths men.

A vertuous

A vertuous Widdow

IS the Palme-tee, that thrives not after the supplanting of her husband. For her childrens sake shee first marries, for she married that she might haue childrē, and for their sakes she marries no more. She is like the purest Gold, only imploied for Princes medals, shee neuer receiues but one mans impressiō; the large ioynture mooues her not, titles of honor cannot sway her. To change her name, were (shee thinkes) to commit a sinne should make her asham'd of her husband's calling. She thinks she hath trauield all the world in one man; the rest of her time therfore she directs to heauen. Her maine superstition is, she thinks her husbands ghost would walk, should she not performe his will: she would do it, were there no Prerogatiue Court. She giues
much

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much to pious vses, without any hope to merit by them: and as one Diamond fashions another, so is she wrought into workes of Charity, with the dust or ashes of her husband. She liues to see her selfe full of time; being so necessarie for earth, God calls her not to heauē, till she be very aged: and euen then, though her naturall strength faile her, she stands like an ancient *Pyramid*; which the lesse it grows to mans eie, the neerer it reaches to heauen. This latter Chastity of hers, is more graue and reuerend, then that ere she was married: for in it, is neither hope, nor longing, nor feare, nor iea-lousie. She ought to be a mitrour for our yongest Dames to dresse themselves by, when she is fullest of wrinkles. No calamity can now come neere her; for in suffering the losse of her Husband, she accounts all the rest trifles. She hath laid his dead body in the worthiest monument that can be: She hath buried it in her owne heart. To conclude, She is a Relique, that without any supersti-tion

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tion in the world, though she will not be kist, yet may be reuerenc't.

An ordinary Widdow

IS like the Heraulds Hearse-cloth; she ierues to many funerals, with a very little altering the colour. The end of her Husband begins in teares; and the end of her teares begins in a Husband. Shee vses to cunning women to know how many Husbands shee shall haue, and neuer marries without the consent of sixe Midwiues. Her chiefeft pride is in the multitude of her Suitors; and by them shee gaines: for one serues to draw on another, and with one at last shee shootes out an other, as Boyes doe Pellets in Elderne Gunnes. Shee commends to them a single life, as Horse-coursers doe their Iades, to put them away. Her fancy is to one of the biggest of.

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of the Gard, but Knighthood makes her draw in a weaker Bow. Her seruants or kinsfolke, are the Trumpeters that summon any to this combate; by them shee gaines much credit, but loseth it againe in the old Prouerbe: *Fama est mendax*. If she liue to be thrice married, she seldome failes to coozen her second Husbands Creditors. A Churchman shee dare not venture vpon; for shee hath heard widdowes complain of dilapidations: nor a Souldier, though hee haue Candle-rents in the Citie, for his estate may be subiect to fire: very seldome a Lawyer, without he shewes his exceeding great practise, & can make her case the better: but a Knight with the old rent may doe much, for a great comming in is all in all with a widdow: cuer prouided, that most part of her Plate and Jewels (before the wedding) be conceal'd with her Scriuener. Thus like a too-ripe Apple, shee falles off her selfe: but hee that hath her, is Lord but of a filthy purchase, for the title is crack't.

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crack't. Lastly, while she is a widdow, obserue her, she is no morning woman: the euening, a good fire, and sacke, may make her listen to a husband: and if euer she be made sure, tis vpon a full stomacke to bed-ward.

A Quacksaluer

IS a Mountebanke of a larger Bill than a Taylor; if hee can but come by names enow of diseases to stuffe it with, tis all the skill he studies for. He tooke his first beginning from a Cunning woman, and stole this blacke Art from her, while he made her seacoale fire. All the diseases euer sinne brought vpon man, doth he pretend to be a Curer of; when the truth is, his maine cunning is Corn-cutting. A great plague makes him, what with rayling against such, as leaue their cures for feare of infection, and in friendly

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friendly breaking Cake-bread, with the Fish-wiues at funeralls, he vtters a most abominable deale of *Carduus water*, and the Conduits cry out, All the Learned Doctors may cast their Cappes at him. He parts stakes with some Apothecary in the suburbs, at whose house hee lies: and though he be neuer so familiar with his wife, the Apothecary dares not (for the richest horne in his Lhop) displease him. All the Midwiues in the Towne are his Intelligencers; but Nurses and young Marchants Wiues (that would faine conceiue with child) these are his Idolaters. He is a more vniust bone-setter, than a dice-maker; he hath put out more eyes then the small Poxe; made more deafe than the *Cataracts* of *Nilus*; lamed more than the Gowte: shrunk more sinews thā one that makes bowstrings, & kild more idly than Tobacco. A Magistrate that had any way so noble a spirit, as but to loue a good horse well, would not suffer him to be a farrier: his discours is vomit, & his ignorance,

Characters.

rance, the strongest purgation in the world: to one that would be speedily cured, he hath more delayes and doubles, then a Hare, or a Law-suit: he seekes to set vs at variance with nature, and rather then hee shall want diseases, hee'l beget them. His especiall practice (as I said afore) is vpon women; labours to make their minds sicke, ere their bodies feelee it, and then ther's worke for the Dog-leach. He pretends the cure of mad-men; and sure hee gets most by them, for no man in his perfect wit would meddle with him. Lastly, he is such a Juggler with Vrinals, so dangerously vnskilfull, that ifeuer the City will haue recourse to him for diseases that need purgation, let them employ him in scowring *Moore-ditch*.

A Canting

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A Canting Rogue.

TIs not vnlikely but he was begot by some Intelligencer vnder a hedge; for his mind is wholly giuen to trauell. Hee is not troubled with making of Ioyntures: he can diuorce himself without the fee of a Proctor, nor feares he the cruelty of ouer-seers of his will. He leaues his children all the world to Cant in, & all the people to their fathers. His Language is a constant tongue, the Northerne speech differs from the South, Welsh from the Cornish: but Canting is generall, nor euer could be altered by conquest of the *Saxon, Dane, or Norman*. He will not beg out of his limit though hee sterue; nor breake his oath if hee sweare by his *Salomon*, though you hang him: and hee payes his custome as truly to his Grand Rogue, as tribute is paid to the great Turke. The

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March Sunne breedes agues in others,
but hee adores it like the *Indians* ; for
then beginnes his progresse after a hard
winter. Ostlers cannot indure him, for
hee is of the Infantry, and serues best on
foot. He offends not the Statute against
the excesse of apparell, for hee will goe
naked, and counts it a voluntary pe-
nance. Forty of them lye in a Barne to-
gether, yet are neuer sued vpon the Sta-
tute of Inmates. If hee were learned, no
man could make a better description of
England ; for he hath trauel'd it ouer
and ouer. Lastly, hee brags, that his
great houses are repaired to his
hands, when Churches go
to ruine : and those
are prisous.

A French

A French Cooke.

HE learnt his trade in a Towne of Garifon neere famish't, where hee practised to make a little go farre; some driue it from more antiquity, and say, *Adam* (when he pickt fallets) was of his occupation. He doth not feed the belly, but the Palate; & though his command lie in the Kitchin (which is but an inferior place) yet shall you find him a very sawcy cōpanion. Euer since the wars in *Naples*, he hath so minc't the ancient and bountifull allowance, as if his Nation should keepe a perpetuall diet. The Seruingmen call him the last relique of Popery, that makes men fast against their conscience. He can be truly said to be no mā's fellow but his Masters: for the rest of his seruants are starued by him. He is the prime cause why Noble-

Characters.

men build their houses so great : for the smalnesse of their Kitchin, makes the house the bigger : and the Lord calls him his Alchymist that can extract gold out of hearbs, rootes, mushrooms, or any thing: that which he dresses, we may rather call a drinking, then a meale; yet he is so full of variety, that he brags, & truly, that he gives you but a taste of what he can doe: he dare not for his life come among the butchers; for sure they would quarter and bake him after the English fashion; hee's such an enemy to Beefe and Mutton. To conclude, hee were onely fit to make a fune-rall feast, where men should eat their victuals in mourning.

A Sexton

Characters.

A Sexton

IS an ill-willer to humane nature. O all Prouerbs, hee cannot endure to heare that which says, We ought to liue by the quicke, not by the dead. He could willingly all his life time be confindeto the Church-yard ; at least within five foot on't: for at euery Church stile, commonly ther's an Ale-house ; where let him be found neuer so idle pated, hee is still a graue drūlkard. He breaks his fast heartilest while hee is making a graue, and saies, the opening of the ground makes him hungry. Though one would take him to bee a Slouen, yet hee loues cleane linnen extremely, and for that reason takes an order that fine holland sheetes be not made wormes meat. Like a Nation called the *Cusani*, hee weepes when any are borne, and laughs when they die the reason; he gets by Burials,

Characters.

not Christnings: he will hold argument in a Tauerne ouer Sack, till the Diall and himself be both at a stand: he neuer obserues any time but Sermon time, & there hee sleepest by the houre-glasse. The Rope-maker payes him a pension, and hee payes tribute to the Physician; for the Physician makes worke for the Sexton, as the Ropemaker for the hangman. Lastly, he wishes the Dog-dayes would last all yeere long: and a great plague is his yeere of Iubilee.

A Iesuite

IS a larger Spooke for a Traytour to feed with the Deuill, then any other Order: vnclaspe him, and hee's a gray Wolfe, with a golden Starre in the forehead: so superstitiously he followes the Pope, that he forsakes Christ, in not giuing *Cesar* his due. His vowes seeme heauenly; but in meddling with State-businesse,

Characters:

businesse, he seemes to mixe heauen and earth together. His best Elements, are Confession and Penance: by the first, he finds out mens inclinations; and by the latter, heapes wealth to his Seminary. Hee sprang from *Ignatius Loyola*, a *Spanish* Souldier; and though he were found out long since the inuentiō of the Canon, 'tis thought hee hath not done lesse mischief. He is a halfe Key to open Princes Cabinets, and pry into their Counsels; and where the Popes excommunication thunders, hee holdes it no more sinne the decrowning of kings, then our Puritanes doe the suppression of Bishops. His order is full of irregularitie and disobedience; ambitious about all measure; for of late dayes, in *Portugall* and the *Indies*, he reiected the name of Iesuite, and would be call'd Disciple, In *Rome*, and other Countries that giue him freedome, he weares a maske vpon his heart; in *England* he shifts it, & puts it vpon his face. No place in our Climate hides him so securely as a Ladies

Characters.

Chamber : the modesty of the *Purse-
want* hath only forborne the bed, and so
mist him. There is no Disease in Chri-
stendom, tht may so properly be call'd
The Kings Evil. To conclude, would you
know him beyond Sea? In his Semina-
ry, hee's a Fox; but in the Inquisition, a
Lyon Rampant.

An excellent Actor.

Vhatsoever is commendable to
the graue Orator, is most ex-
quisitely perfect in him; for by a full
and significant action of body, hee
charmes our attention: sit in a full Thea-
ter, and you will thinke you see so
many lines drawne from the circumfe-
rence of so many eares, whiles the
Actor is the *Center*. He doth not strue
to make nature monstrous, she is often
seene in the same Scene with him, but
neither

Characters.

neither on Stilts nor crutches; and for his voice, tis not lower then the prompter; not lowder then the Foile or Target. By his action hee fortifies morall precepts with examples; for what wee see him personate; we think truely done before vs: a man of a deepe thought might apprehend, the ghost of our ancient *Heroes* walk't againe, and take him (at seuerall times) for many of them. Hee is much affected to painting, and tis a question whether that make him an excellent Player, or his Playing an exquisite Painter. He addes grace to the Poets labours: for what in the Poet is but ditty, in him is both ditty and musicke. He entertaines vs in the best leasure of our life, that is betweene meales, the most vnfit time either for study or bodily exercise. The flight of Hawkes and chase of wilde Beasts, either of them are delights noble: but some thinke this sport of men the worthier, despight all *calumny*. All men haue beene of his occupation: and indeed,

Characters.

deed, what hee doth fainedly, that doe others essentially : this day one playes a Monarch, the next a priuate person. Here on acts a Tyrant, on the morrow an Exile : A Parasite this man to night. to morrow a Precisian, and so of diuers others. I obserue, of all mē liuing, a worthy actor in one kinde is the strongest motiue of affection that can be: for when hee dies, wee cannot be perswaded any man can doe his parts like him. But to conclude, I value a worthy Actor by the corruption of some few of the quality, as I would do gold in the oare; I should not mind the drosse, but the purity of the metall.

A Franklin.

Characters.

A Franklin.

His outside is an ancient Yeoman of England, though his inside may giue armes (with the best Gentleman) and ne're see the Herauld. There is no truer seruant in the House then himselfe. Though hee be Master, he sayes not to his seruants, Go to field, but, Let vs goe; and with his owne eye, doth both fatten his flocke, and set forward all manner of husbandrie. Hee is taught by nature to bee contented with a little; his owne fold yeelds him both food and rayment: hee is pleas'd with any nourishment God sends, whilest curious gluttonie ransackes, as it were, *Noahs Arke* for food, onely to feed the riot of one meale. He is ne'r knowne to goe to Law; vnderstanding, to bee Law-bound among men, is like to bee hide-bound among his beasts; they thriue not vnder it: and that such men sleep

Characters.

leepe as vnquietly, as if their pillowes were stufte with Lawyers pen-knives. When he builds, no poore Tenants cottage hinders his prospect: they are indeed his Almes-houses, though there be painted on them no such superscriptiō: he neuer sits vp late, but when he hunts the Badger, the vow'd foe of his Lambs: nor vses he any cruelty, but when hee hunts the Hare, nor subtilty, but when he setteth snares for the Snite, or pit-falls for the Black-bird; nor oppressi-on, but when in the moneth of Iuly, he goes to the next Riuer, and sheares his sheepe. He allowes of honest pastime, and thinkes not the bones of the dead any thing bruised, or the worse for it, though the country Lasses dance in the Church-yard after Euen-song. Rocke Munday, and the Wake in Summer, shrouings. the wakefull ketches on Christmas Eue, the Hoky, or Seed cake, these he yeerely keepes, yet holds them no reliques of popery. He is not so inquisitiue after newes deriued from the priuie

Characters.

pruie clozet, when the finding an eiery of Hawkes in his owne ground, or the foaling of a colt come of a good straine, are tydings more pleasant, more profitable. Hee is Lord paramount within himselfe, though he hold by neuer so meane a Tenure; and dyes the more contentedly (though he leaue his heire young) in regard helcaues him not liable to a couetous Guardian. Lastly, to end him; hee cares not when his end comes, he needs not feare his Audit, for his *Quietus* is in heauen.

A Rymer

IS a fellow whose face is hatcht all ouer with impudence, and should hee bee hang'd or pilloried, tis armed for it. Hee is a Iuggler with words, yet practises the Art of most vncleanly

Characters.

conueyance. He doth boggle very often;
and because himselfe winks at it, thinks
tis not perceiued: the maine thing that
euer hee did, was the tune hee sang to.
There is nothing in the earth so pittifull,
no not an Ape-carrier, hee is not
worth thinking of, & therefore

I must leaue him as nature
left him; a
Dunghill not
well laid to-
gether.

A Conclusions

A Covetous man.

THis man would loue honour and adore God, if there were an L. more in his name : Hee hath coffind vp his soule in his chests before his body; Hee could wish he were in *Mydas* his taking for hunger, on condition he had his chymicall quality. At the grant of a new subsidy he would gladly hang himselfe, were it not for the charge of buying a Rope, and beginnes to take mone. vp. on vsf, when he heares of a priuy seale. His morning praier is to ouer-looke his bagges, whose euery parcell begets his adoration. Then to his studies, which are how to coozen this Tenant, begger that widow, or to vndo some Orphane. Then his bonds are viewed, the well-knowne dayes of payment con'd by heart; and if he euer pray, it is, some one may breake his day, that the beloued forfeiture may bee obtained. His vsf is doubled,

Characters.

doubted, and no one sixpence begot or borne, but presently by an vntimely thrift it is getting more. His chimney must not bee acquainted with fire, for feare of mischance, but if extremitie of cold pinch him, hee gets him heat with looking on, and sometime remoouing his aged wood-pile, which he meanes to leaue to many descents, till it hath outliued all the woods of that Countrey. He neuer spends candle but at Christmas (when he has them for new-yeeres gifts) in hope that his seruants will breake glasses for want of light, which they doubly pay for in their wages. His actions are guilty of more crimes then any other mens thoughts, and he conceiues no sin which he dare not act saue onely lust, from which he abstaines for feare he should bee charged with keeping Bastards: once a yeere he feasts, the reliques of which meale shall serue him the next quarter. In his talke he railes against eating of breakefasts, drinking betwixt meales, and sweares he is impoverished

Characters.

uerished with paying of tythes. He had rather haue the frame of the world fall, then the price of Corne. If he chance to trauell, he curses his fortune that his place binds him to ride, and his faithfull cloake-bag is sure to take care for his prouision. His nights are as troublesome as his dayes, euery Rat awakes him out of his vnquiet sleepes. If he haue a daughter to marry, he wishes he were in Hungary or might follow the custom of that country, that all her portion might bee a wedding Gowne. If he fall sicke, hee had rather die a thousand deaths, than pay for any physicke : and if hee might haue his choyce, he would not go to heauen but on condition he may put money to vse there. In fine, he liues a drudge, dies a wretch, that leaues a heape of pelfe (which so many carefull hands had scraped together) to haste after him to hell, and by the way it lodges in a Lawyers purse.

The proud man

IS one in whom pride is a quality that condemnes euery one besides his master, who when he weares new cloathes, thinks himselfe wrong'd, if they be not obseru'd, imitated, and his discretion in the choice of his fashion and stufte applauded : when hee vouchsafes to blesse the ayre with his presence, hee goes as neere the wall as his Sattin suit will giue him leaue, & euery passenger he viewes vnder the eye-browes, to obserue whether hee vailes his bonnet low enough, which hee returnes with an Imperious Nod: he neuer salutes first, but his farewell is perpetuall. In his attire he is effeminate, euery haire knows his owne station ; which if it chance to lose, it is checkt in again with his pocket combe. He had rather haue the whole Cōmonwealth out of order, then the least member

ber of his Muchato, and chooses rather to lose his patrimony, than to haue his band ruffled; at a feast if he be not placed in the highest seate, he eats nothing, howsoeuer, he drinckes to no man, talkes with no man for feare of familiarity. He professeth to keepe his stomacke for the Pheasant or the Quaille, and when they come, he can eat little, he hath been so cloyed with them that yeere, although they be the first he saw. In his discourse he talks of none but Priuy Councillors, and is as prone to be-lye their acquaintance, as he is a Ladies fauors: if he haue but twelue-pence in's purse, he will giue it for the best roome in a play-house. He goes to sermons, onely to shew his gay cloathes, and if on other inferiour daies he chance to meete his friend, he is sorry he sees him not in his best suite.

A Prison.

IT should be Christs Hospital: for most of your wealthy Citizens are good benefactors to it; and yet it can hardly be so, because so few in it are kept vpon Almes. Charities house and this, are built many miles asunder. One thing notwithstanding is here praise-worthy, for men in this persecutiō cannot chuse but proue good Christians, in that they are a kinde of Martyrs, & suffer for the trueth. And yet it is so cursed a piece of Land, that the sonne is ashamed to be his fathers heire in it. It is an infected pest-house all the yeere long: the plague fores of the Law, are the diseases heere hotly reigning. The Surgeons are Attornies & Pettifoggers, who kill more than they cure. *Lord haue mercy vpon vs,* may well stand ouer these doores, for
debt

Characters:

debt is a most dangerous and catching City pestilence. Some take this place for the walkes in Moore-fields, (by reason the madmen are so neere) but the crosses here and there are not alike. No: it is not halfe so sweet an ayre. For it is the Dunghill of the Law, vpon which are throwne the ruines of Gentry, & the nasty heaps of voluntary decayed Bankrupts, by which means it comes to be a perfect medall of the iron Age, sithence nothing but gingling of keyes, rattling of shackls, bolts, & grates are here to be heard. It is the horse of Troy, in whose wombe are shut vp all the mad Greekes that were men of action. The *Nullum in vacuo* (vnlesse in prisoners bellies) is here truly to be proued. One excellent effect is wrought by the place it selfe, for the arrantest coward breathing, being posted hither, comes in three dayes to an admirable stomacke. Does any man desire to learne musick? euery man here sings *Lachryma* at first sight, and is hardly out; hee runnes diuision vpon euery

Characters.

note; and yet (to their commendations
bee it spoken) none of them (for all that
diuision) doe trouble the Church. They
are no Anabaptists ; if you aske vnder
what Horizon this climate lyes, the *Ber-*
moodas and it are both vnder one and
the same height. And whereas some
suppose that this Island (like that) is
hauerted with diuels, it is not so . for
those diuels (so talked of, and feared)
are none else but hoggish Iaylors.
Hither you need not sayle, for it is a
ship of it selfe : the Masters side is the
vpper decke. They in the common
Iayle lye vnder hatches, & helpe to bal-
last it. Intricate cases are the Tacklings,
Executions the Anchors, Capiasses the
Cables, Chancery-bills the huge Sayles,
a long Terme the Mast, Law the heime,
a Iudge the Pylot, a Coucel the Purser,
an Atturney the Boatswain, his fleeting
Cleark the Swabber, Bonds, the waues,
out-lawries gusts, the Verdicts of Iuries
rough windes, Exrents the Rockes that
split all in pieces. Or if it be not a Ship,
yet

Characters.

yet this & a ship differ not much in the building; the one is a mooving miserie, the other a standing. The first is seated on a Spring, the second on Piles. Either this place is an Embleme of a Bawdy-house, or a Bawdy-house of it: for nothing is to be seene (in any roome) but scurvy beds and bare walles. But (not so much to dishonor it) it is an Vniuersity of poore Schollers, in which three Arts are chiefly studied: To pray, to curse, and to write Letters.

A Prisoner

IS one that hath beene a monied man, and is still a very close fellow; who-soeuer is of his acquaintance, let them make much of him, for they shall finde him as fast a friend as any in England: he is a sure man, & you know where to finde him. The corruption of a Bankrupt, is commonly the generatiō of this creature:

creature: hee dwels on the backe side of the world, or in the Suburbes of Societie, and liues in a Tenement which he is sure none will goe about to take ouer his head. To a man that walkes abroad, he is one of the *Antipodes*; That goes on the top of the world; and This vnder it. At his first comming in, he is a *piece of new coyne*, all sharking old prisoners lye sucking at his purse. An old man and he are much alike, neyther of them both goe farre. They are still angry, and peeuish, and they sleepe little. Hee was borne at the *fall of Babel*, the confusion of Languages is only in his mouth. All the Vacations, he speakes as good English, as any man in England, but in *Term time* he breaks out of that hopping one-legg'd pace, into a *racking trot* of *Issues, Billes, Replications, Reioynders, Demurres, Querelles, Subpenaes, &c.* able to fright a simple Countrey fellow, and make him belceue he *Coniures*. Whatsoeuer his Complexion was before, it *turnes* (in this place) to *Choller* or deepe

Melan-

Characters.

Melancholly, so that hee needes euery
houre to take Physick to loose his bo-
dy, for that (like his estate) is very *foule*
and *corrupt*, and extremely *hard bound*.
The taking of an *Execution* off his sto-
mack, giues him fise or six stooles, and
leaues his body very soluble. The *with-*
drawing of an Action, is a *Vomit*. Hee
is no sound man, and yet an vtter Bar-
rester (nay, a Sargeant of the Case) will
fecde heartily vpon him, hee is very
good picking meate for a Lawyer.
The Barber Surgeons may (if they will)
begge him for an *Anatomic* after he hath
suffered an Execution, an excellent Le-
cture may be made vpon his body: for
he is a kinde of dead carkasse, *Creditors*,
Lawyers, and *Iaylors* deuoure it: *Creditors*
pecke out his eyes with his owne teares,
Lawyers flay off his owne skinne, and
lappe him in parchment, and *Iaylors* are
the *Promethean vultures* that gnaw his
very heart. He is a bond-slaue to the
Law, and (albeit he were a Shop-keeper
in *London*) yet he cannot with safe con-

Characters.

science write himself a *freeman*. His *Religion* is of five or sixe colours; this day he prays that God would turne the hearts of his Creditors: and to morrow he curseth the time that euer he saw them. His *apparell* is dawb'd commonly with *Statute* lace, the *suite* it selfe of *durance*, and the *hose* full of long Paines. He hath many other lasting suites, which he himself is neuer able to *weare* out, for they *weare* out him. The *Zodiack* of his life, is like that of the *Sun* (marry not halfe so glorious.) It begins in *Aries*, and ends in *Pisces*. Both *Head* and *Feet* are (all the yeere long) in troublesome and laborious *motions*; and *Westminster Hall* is his *Spheare*. Hee liues betweene the two *Tropiques*, (*Cancer* & *Capricorne*) and by that means is in double danger (of crabbed Creditors) for his *parse*, and *hories* for his *head*; if his wiues heeles bee light. If hee be a *Gentleman*, he alters his *armes* so soone as he comes in. Few (heere) carry *fields* or *argent*, but whatsoeuer they bare before, here they giue onely *Sables*. Whiles he

lies

Characters.

lies by it, he's traueiling ore the *Alps*, & the hearts of his creditors are the snows that lye vnmelted in the middle of *Summer*. Hee is an *Almanacke* out of date: none of his dayes speakes of faire Weather. Of all the files of men, he marcheth in the last, and comes limping, for he is shot, and is no man of this world. Hee hath lost his way, and being benighted, strayed into a Wood full of *wolves*; and nothing so hard as to get away, without being deuoured. He that waikes from six to six in *Pauls*, goes still but a quoytes cast before this man.

A Creditor

Characters.

A Creditor

IS a fellow that tormēts men for their good *conditions*. He is one of *Dencalions* sons begotten of a stone. The marble Images in the Temple Church, that lye crosse-legg'd, do much resemble *him*, saying that *this* is a little more *crosse*. Hee weares a forfeited bond vnder that part of his girdle where his *thumbe* stickes, with as much pride as a *Welshmā* does a *Leek* on *S. Davids* day, & quarrels more and longer about it. Hee is a *Catchpoles* mornings draught: for the news that such a gallant's come yesternight to Town, drawes out of him both muscadel and mony too. He saies the *Lords praier backwards*, or (to speake better of him) he hath a *Pater noster* by himselfe, & that *particle*, *Forgive vs our debts, as we forgive others*, &c. hee either quite leaues out, or els leaps ouer it. It is a dangerous rub in the alley of his conscience. He is the *Bloud-hound* of the *law*, and hunts *sonnter*, very swiftly and with great iudge-

Characters.

iudgement. Hee hath a *quicke sent* to smell out his game, and a good *deepe mouth* to pursue it, yet neuer opens till hee bites, and bites not but hee *killles*, or at least drawes *blood*, and then he *pincheth* most *diggedly*. Hee is a Lawyers Moyle, and the onely Beast vpon which he *ambles* so often to Westminster. And a *Lawyer* is his God *Almighty*, in *him* onely he trusts, to *him* he flies in all his troubles, from *him* he seekes succour; to *him* he prayes, that hee may by his meanes ouercome his enemies: *Him* does hee worship both in the *Temple* and *abroad*, and hopes by *him* and good *Angels*, to prosper in all his *actions*. A Scriuener is his *Farriar*, & helps to recouer all his diseased and maimed Obligations. Eue-ry Tearme hee sets vp a *Tenters* in Westminster Hall, vpon which he rackes and stretches Gentlemen like English *broad-cloth*, beyond the staple of the Wooll, till the threds cracke, and that causeth them with the least wet to shrink, and presently to weare *bare*: Marrie hee handles

handles a Citizen (at least if himsef be one) like a piece of *Spanifh cloth*, giues him only a twitch, and straines him not too hard, knowing how apt he is to *break of himsef*, and then he can cut nothing out of him but shreds. To the one, hee comes like *Tamberlaine*, with his *blacke* and *bloudy flage*. But to the other, his white one hangs out, and (vpon the parley) rather then faile, he takes ten groats i' th' pound for his *ransom*, & so lets him march away with *Bagge* and *Baggage*. From the beginning of *Hilary* to th' end of *Michaëlmas*, his purse is full of *Quick-siluer*, and that sets him running from *Sun-rise* to *Sunset* vp *Fleetstreete*, and so to the *Chancery* from thence to *Westminster*, then backe to one *Court*, after that to another; then to *Atturny*, then to a *Coun-celloer*, and in euery of these places, hee melts some of his *fat* (his money.) In the vacation hee goes to *grasse*, and gets vp his *flesh* againe, which hee bates as you heard. If he were to be hang'd, vnlesse he could be sa'd by his book, he cannot
for

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for his heart call for a *Psalme* of *mercy*. He is a *Law-trap* baited with parchment and wax; the fearefull *Mice* he catches, are debtors, with whom *scratching Attorneyes* (like cats) play a good while, and then mouze them. The belly is an *unsatiable creditor*, but *man* worse.

A Sergeant

V. V As once taken (when hee bare office in his parish) for an honest man. The spawne of a *decaied Shop-keeper* begets this *Fry*; out of that *dunghill* is this *Serpents egge* hatched. It is a *Diuell* made somtimes out of one of the twelve *Companics*, and does but study the part and rehearse it on earth, to bee perfect when he comes to act it in hel: that is his stage. The hangman and he are *twinn*; onely the *Hangman* is the elder Brother, and he dying without issue (as cōmonly hee does, for none but a *Rope-makers widdow*

Characters.

widdow will marry him) this then inherites. His *habit* is a long *Gowne*, made at first to couer his knauery, but that *growing* too monstrous, hee now goes in *Buffe* : his Conscience and that, being both *cut* out of one Hide, and are of one toughnesse. The *Counter gate* is his *ken-nell*, the *whole City* his *Paris garden*, the miserie of a poore man (but especially a badde liuer) is the *Offalles* on which he feedes. The *Deuill* cals him his *white sonne* ; hee is so like him, that he is the worse for it, and hee takes after his Father ; for the one *torments bodies*, as fast as the other *tortures soules*. Money is the *Crust* hee leapes at : *Crie*, a *Ducke a a Ducke*, and he plunges not so eagerly as at *this*. The *dogges chaps water* to fetch nothing else : hee hath his name for the same quality ; For *Sergeant*, is *Quasi See Argent*, looke you *Rogue* here is mony. He goes *muffled* like a Theefe, and caries still the markes of one, for hee *steales* vpon man cowardly, *Pluckes* him by the Throate, makes him *stand*, and

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and fleeces him. In this they differ, the
theefe is more *valiant* and more *honest*.
His walkes in Terme time are vp *Fleet-*
street, at the end of the Terme vp *Hol-*
borne, and so to *Tyburne*, the gallowes
are his purlues, in which the *Hang-man*
and *Hee* are *Quarter rangers*, the one
turnes off, and the other *cuts downe*. All
the vacation he lies imboag'de behinde
the lattice of some blind, drunken, baw-
dy Ale-house, and if he spie his prey, out
he leapes, like a free-booter, and rifles;
or like a *Ban-dog* worries. No Officer to
the City, keepes his oath so *uprightly*;
he neuer is forsworne, for he swears to
be *true Varlet* to the City, and he conti-
nues so to his dying day. *Mace*, which is
so comfortable to the stomacke in all
kinde of meats, turnes in his hand to
mortall poyson. This Rauen pecks not
out mens eyes as others doe, all his spite
is at their shoulders, and you were bet-
ter to haue the *Night-Mare* ride you,
then this *Incubus*. When any of the
Furies of Hell die, this *Cacodemon* hath

Characters.

the reuerſion of his place. He will venture as desperately vpon the *Pox* as any *Roaring Boy* of them all. For when hee arreſts a *whore*, himſelfe puts her in common baile at his owne perill, and ſhee paies him ſoundly for his labour; vpon one of the Sheriffes Cuſtards hee is not ſo greedy, nor ſo ſharpe ſet, as at ſuch a ſlew-pot. The City is (by the cuſtome) to feed him with good meat, as they ſend dead horſes to their hounds, onely to keepe them both in good heart, for not onely thoſe *Curs* at the *Dog-houſe*, but theſe within the walles, are to ſerue in their places, in their ſeuerrall huntings. He is a Citizens birdlime, and where he holds, he hangs,

His Tcoman

IS the *Hanger* that a *Sergeant* weares by his ſide, it is a falſe *Die* of the ſame *Bale*,

Bale, but not the same *Cat*, for it runnes some-what *higher*, and does more mischief. It is a *Tumbler* to driue in the *Comies*. He is yet but a *bungler*, and knowes not how to cut vp a man without *tearing*, but by a pattern. One *Terme* fleshes him, or a *Fleet-street breakefast*. The *Devill* is but his father in *law*, & yet for the loue he beares him, will leaue him as much as if he were his owne child. And for that cause (in stead of praiers) he does euery morning at the *Counter-gate* aske him *blesing*, and thrives the better in his *actions* al the day after. This is the hooke that hangs vnder water to choake the *fish*, and his Sergeant is the *quill* aboue water, which pops downe so soone as euer the *bait* is swallowed. It is indeed an *Otter*, and the more terrible destroyer of the two. This *Counter-Rat* hath a taile as long as his fellowes, but his teeth are more sharp, & he more hungry, because he does but snap, and hath not his full *halfe share* of the booty. The eye of this Wolfe is as quicke in his head, as a *Cut-*

purfes in a throng, and as nimble is he at his businesse, as a *Hang-man* at an execution. His *Office* is as the dogs to worrie the sheepe first, or driue him to the shambles ; the Butcher that cuts his throat, steps out afterwards, and that's his *Sargeant*. His liuing lies within the City, but his *conscience* lies *bedrid* in one of the holes of a *Counter*. This *Eele* is bred too, out of the mud of a Bankrupt, and dies commonly with his guts ript vp, or else a sudden stab sends him of his last errand. He will very greedily take a cut with a sword, and suck more siluer out of the wound then his *Surgeon* shall. His beginning is detestable, his courses desperate, and his end damnable.

A Common cruell Iaylor.

IS a creature mistaken in the making, for hee should bee a Tyger, but the shape

Characters.

shape being thought too terrible, it is couered ; and hee weares the vizor of a man, yet retaines the qualities of his former fiercenes, currishnesse, and rauening. Of that red earth, of which man was fashioned, this piece was the basest ; of the rubbish which was left, and throwne by, came this laylor, his descent is then more ancient, but more ignoble, for hee comes of the race of those angels that fell with *Lucifer* from heauen, whither he neuer (or very hardly) returnes. Of all his bunches of keies, not one hath wards to open that doore ; For this lailors soule stands not vpon those two Pillers that support heauen, (*Iustice and Mercy* :) it rather sits vpon those two foot-stooles of hell, *Wrong and Cruelty*. He is a Iudges slaue, and a prisoner's his. In this they differ, he is a voluntary one, the other compeld. Hee is the *Hang-man* of the Law (with a lame hand) and if the Law gaue him all his limbs perfect, he would strike those, on whom he is glad to fawne. In fighting

Characters.

gainst a Debtor, hee is a Creditors second; but obserues not the lawes of the *Duello*, for his play is foule, and on all base aduantages. His conscience and his shackles hang vp together, & are made very neere of the same mettle, sauing that the one is harder then the other, and hath one property aboue Iron, for that neuer melts. He distils mony out of poore mens teares, and growes fat by their curses. No man comming to the practicall part of hell, can discharge it better, because here he do's nothing but study the Theoricke of it. His house is the picture of hell in little, and the originall of the letters Patents of his office, stands exemplified there. A Chamber of lowlie beds, is better worth to him then the best acre of corne-land in England. Two things are hard to him (nay almost impossible) viz: To saue all his prisoners that none euer escape, and to be saued himselfe. His cares are stop't to the cries of others, and Gods to his: and good reason, for lay the life of a man in

one Scale, and his fees on the other, hee will lose the first, to find the second. He must looke for no mercy (if hee desires Iustice to be done to him) for he shewes none, and I thinke he cares the lesse, because he knowes heauen hath no neede of such Tenants, the doores there want no Porters, for they stand euer open. If it were possible for all creatures in the world to sleepe euery night, he only and a Tyrant cannot. That blessing is taken from them, and this curse comes in the stead, to be euer in feare, and euer hated : what estate can be worse ?

What a Character is.

IF I must speake the Schoole-masters language, I will confesse that Character comes of this Infinitive moode *χαράσσειν*, which signifies to ingraue, or make a deepe Impression. And for that

Characters.

cause, a letter (as A.B.) is called a Character.

Those Elements which wee learne first, leauing a strong scale in our memories.

Character is also taken for an Egyptian Hieroglyphicke, for an imprec, or short Embleme ; in little comprehending much.

To square out a Character by our English leuel, it is a picture (reall or personall) quaintly drawne, in various colours, all of them heightned by one shadowing.

It is a quicke and soft touch of many strings, all shutting vp in one muscally cloze : it is wits descant on any plaine song.

The

Characters.



The Character of a happy life.

By SIR H. W.

HOW happy is he borne or taught,
That serveth not anothers will;
Whose Armour is his honest thought,
And silly Truth his highest skill!

Whose passions not his Masters are,
Whose soule is still prepar'd for death:
Entyed unto the world with care
Of Princely love, or vulgar breath.

Who hath his life from rumors freed,
Whose conscience is his strong retreat:
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruine make accusers great.

Characters, &c.

*Who envieth none whom chance doth raise,
Or vice: who neuer understood,
How deepest wounds are giuen with praise;
Not rules of state, but rules of good:*

*Who G O D doth late and early pray,
More of his grace, then gifts to lend;
Who entertaines the harmelesse day,
With a well chosen Booke or Friend:*

*This man is free from seruile bands,
Of hope to rise, or feare to fall;
Lord of himselfe, though not of Lands,
And hauing nothing, he hath All.*

An Es-

Characters.

An Essay of Valour.

I Am of opinion, that nothing is so potent either to procure, or merit Loue, as Valour; and I am glad I am so, for thereby I shall doe my selfe much ease. Because valour neuer needs much wit to maintaine it. To speake of it in it self, it is a quality which he that hath, shal haue least neede of: so the best league betweene Princes, is a mutual feare of each other. It teacheth a man to value his reputation as his life, and chiefly to hold the lye insufferable, though being alone hee finds no hurt it doth him. It leaues it selfe to others censures. For he that brags of his owne, dissuades others from beleeuing it. It feareth a sword no more than an Ague. It alwaies makes good the owner: for though hee be generally held a foole, hee shall seldome heare so much by word of mouth; and that enlargeth him more

Characters.

than any spectacles, for it makes a little fellow to be called a *Tall man*. It yeelds the wall to none but a woman, whose weakenesse is her prerogatiues; or a man seconded with a woman, as an *Vsher* which alwaies goes before his betters. It makes a man become the witnes of his owne words, to stand to what-euer he hath said, and thinketh it a reproach to cōmit his reuiling vnto the Law. It furnisbeth youth with action, and age with discourse, & both by futures; for a man must neuer boast himself in the present tense. And to come neerer home, nothing drawes a woman like to it, for valor towards men, is an Embleme of an Ability towards women, a good quality signifies a better. Nothing is more behouuefull for that Sexe, for from it they receiue protection, & we free from the danger of it. Nothing makes a shorter cut to obtaining: for a man of armes is alwaies void of ceremony, which is the wall that stands betwixt *Pyramus* and *Thisby*, that is, man and woman, for there

there is no pride in women, but that which rebounds from our owne base-
nesse (as cowards grow valiant vpon
those that are more cowards) so that
only by our pale asking, we teach them
to deny: And by our shamefastnesse, we
put them in mind to be modest: where-
as indeed it is cunning Rhetoricke, to
perswade the hearers, that they are that
already, which we would haue them to
be. This kinde of bashfulnesse is farre
from men of valor, and especially from
souldiers, for such are euer mæ (without
doubt) forward, and confident, losing no
time, lest they should lose opportunity,
which is the best Factor for a Louer.
And because they know women are gi-
uen to dissemble; they will neuer be-
leeue them when they deny. Whilome
before this age of wit, & wearing black
broke in vpon vs, there was no way
knowne to win a Lady, but by Tilting,
Tournying, and Riding thorow For-
rests, in which time these slender strip-
lings with little legs, were held but of
strength

strength enough to marry their wid-
dowes. And euen in our daies there can
be giuen no reason of the inundation of
Seruingmen vpon their Mistresses, but
onely that vsually they carry their Mi-
stresses weapons, and his valour. To be
counted handsome, iust, learned, or wel-
fauoured; all this carries no danger with
it, but it is to be admitted to the title of
valiant Acts, at least the venturing of his
mortality, & all women take delight to
hold him safe in their armes, who hath
escaped thither through many dangers.
To speak at once, man hath a priuiledge
in valour; In cloathes and good faces we
but imitate women, and many of that
sex will not thinke much (as farre as
an answer goes) to dissemble wit too. So
then these neat youthes, these women in
mens apparell, are too neer a woman to
bee beloued of her, they bee both of a
Trade, but he of grim aspect, and such a
one a glasse dares take, & she will desire
him for newnesse and varietie. A scarre
in a mans face is the same that a mole in

Characters.

a womans; and a mole in a womans, is a Jewell set in white to make it seeme more white ; For a scar in a man is a marke of honour, and no blemish ; for 'tis a scarre and a blemish in a Souldier to be without one. Now as for all things else, which are to procure Loue, as a good face, wit, clothes, or a good body ; each of them I confesse may worke somewhat for want of a better, that is, if valour be not their Riual. A good face auailles nothing, if it be in a coward that is bashfull, the vtmost of it is to be kist, which rather encreaseth the quencherh Appetite. He that sends her gifts, sends her word also, that hee is a man of small gifts otherwise : for wooing by signes and tokens, imploies the author dumbe. And if *Ouid* who writ the Law of Loue were alieue (as hee is extant) would allow it as good a diuersity, that gifts shuld be sent as gratuities, not as bribes. Wit getteth rather promise then Loue. Wit is not to bee seene : and no woman takes aduice of any in her louing; but

but of her owne eyes and her wayting
womans: Nay which is worse, wit is not
to be felt, and so no good Bed-fellow.
Wit applied to a womā, makes her dis-
solue her sympering, and discover her
teeth with laughter, and this is surely a
purge for loue; for the beginning of loue
is a kind of foolish melancholly. As for
the mā that makes his Taylor his Bawd,
and hopes to inueagle his loue with such
a coloured suite; surely the same deeply
hazzards the losse of her fauor, vpon e-
uery change of his cloathes. So likewise
for the other that courts her silētly with
a good body, let me certify him, that his
cloathes depend vpon the comlinessse of
his body, and so both vpon opinion.
She that hath beene seduced by appa-
rell, let me giue her to wit, that men al-
wayes put off their cloathes before they
goe to bed. And let her that hath beene
enamoured of her seruants body, vnder-
stand, that if she saw him in a skinn of
cloth, that is, in a Suite made of the pat-
terne of his body, she would see slender
cause

cause to loue him euer after. There is no clothes fit so well in a womans eye, as a Suit of Steele, though not of the fashion, and no man so soone surpriseth a womans affections, as he that is the subiect of all whispering, & hath alwaies twenty stories of his owne deedes depending vpon him. Mistake me not, I vnderstand not by valour, one that neuer fights, but when he is backed with drink or anger, or hissed on with beholders, nor one that is desperate, nor one that takes away a Seruingmans weapons, when perchance it cost him his Quarters wages, nor yet one that weares a priue coat of defence, and therein is confident, for then such as made Bucklers would be counted the Catalines of the Commonwealth. I intend one of an euen resolution grounded vpon reason: which is alwaies euen, hauing his power restrained by the law of not doing wrong. But now I remember I am for valour, and therefore must be a man of few words.



CERTAIN E D I C T S

from a Parliament in *Eutopia*;

Written by the Lady

Southwell.

I*nprimis*, He that hath no other worth
to commend him, then a good Suite
of Apparell, shall not dare to woo a La-
dy in his owne be halfe, but shall be al-
lowed to carry the Hieroglyphike of his
friends affection.

Item, that no foule-fac'd Lady shall
raile on her that is fairer, because she is
fairer; nor seeke by black calumniatⁱon
to darken her fame, vnlesse she be her
corriuall.

Item, that no man may entitle him-
selfe by the matchlesse name of afreind,
that loues vpon condition, vnlesse hee
be a Schoole-master.

Item, that no Lady, which modestly
keepe

Edicts.

keepe her house for want of good clothes to visit her Gossips, shall professe contempt of the worlds vanity, vnlesse she see no hope of the tides returning.

Item, that no Bankrupt Knight, that to set vp shop againe, becomes parasite or Buffone to some great Lord, shall euer after sweare by his honour ; but by his Knighthood he may.

Item, that no Lady that vseth to paint, shall finde fault with her Painter that hath not counterfeited her picture faire enough, vnlesse shee will acknowledge her selfe to be the better counterfeiter.

Item, that no man, whose vaine loue hath beene reiected by a vertuous Lady, shall report that he hath refused and cast her off, vnlesse he will take the base lying fellow by the next assailant, so reiected, without any further quarrell.

Item, that no Lady shall court her looking glasse, past one houre in a day, vnlesse she professe to be an Inginer.

Item, that no Quarter waiter shall feed on cheese three quarters of a yeere

to feast on fatten one quarter, without *Galens* aduice, and the Apothecaries bill to be written by a Taylor.

Item, that wench that is ouer enamored of her selfe, and thinkes all other so too, shall be bound to carry a burthen of Birdlime on her backe, and spinne at a Barne-doore to catch fooles.

Item, hee that sweareth when hee loseth his money at dice, shall challenge his damnation by the way of purchase.

Item, no Lady that silently simpereth for want of wit, shall be call'd modest.

Item, no fellow that begins to argue with a woman, and wants wit to encounter her, shall thinke hee hath redeemed his credit dy putting her to silence with some lasciuious discourse, vnlesse hee weare white for *Williams*, and Greene for *Summer*.

Item, no woman that remaineth constant for want of assault, shall be called chaste.

Item,

Edicts.

Item, he that professeth vertuous loue to a woman, and giues ground when his vanitie is reiected, shall haue his bels cut off, and flie for a Haggard.

Item, she that respecteth the good opinion of others, before the Being of good in her selfe, shall not refuse the name of an Hypocrite; and she that employes all her time in working trappings for her selfe, the name of a Spider: and she that sets the first quest of enquiry amongst her Gossips for new fashions, shall not refuse a stitcher for her second husband.

Item, he that hath reported a Lady to be vertuous, for the which he professeth to loue her, yet vnder hand commenceth a base suit, and is disdained; shall not on this blow which his owne vice hath giuen him, out of policie raile suddenly on her, for feare hee be noted for a vicious scole: but to his friend in priuate he may say, that his iudgement was blinded by her cunning disguise, and that he finds her wauering in good-

ness, and in time hee shall openly profess to raile on her; but with such a modesty forsooth, as if hee were loth to bring his judgement into question; nor would hee doe it, but that hee preferres truth euen out of his owne reach.





NEVVES

FROM ANY WHENCE.

OR,
OLD TRUTH, VNDER A
supposall of Noueltie.

Occasioned by diuers Essaies, and priuate
passages of Wit, betweene sundry Gentle-
men vpon that subiect.

News from Court.



It is thought heere
that there are as
great miseries be-
yond happines, as a
this side it, as *being*
in loue. That truth is
euery mans by as-
senting. That time makes euery thing a-
ged, & yet it self was neuer but a minute
old.

Newes.

old. That, next sleepe, the greatest denourer of time is businesse: the greatest stretcher of it, *Passion*: the truest measure of it, *Contemplation*. To be saued, alwaies is the best plot: and vertue alwaies cleares her way as shee goes. *Vice* is euer behind-hand with it selfe. That *Wit* and a *woman* are two fraile things, and both the frailer by concurring. That the meanes of begetting a man, hath more increast mankinde than the end. That the madnesse of Loue is to bee sicke of one part, and cured by another. The madnesse of Iealousie, that it is so diligent, and yet it hopes to lose his labor. That all women for the bodily part, are but the same meaning put in diuers words. That the difference in the sence is their vnderstanding. That the wisdom of *Action* is *Discretion*; the knowledge of *Contemplation* is truth: the knowledge of action is men. That the first considers what should bee, the latter makes vse of what is. That euery man is weake in his owne humours.

Newes.

That euery man a little beyond him-
selfe, is a foole. That affectation is the
more ridiculous part of folly then ig-
norance. That the matter of greatnesse
is comparison. That God made one
world of *Substance*; Man hath made a-
nother of *Art* and *Opinion*. That Money
is nothing but a thing which *Art* hath
turned vp *Trumpe*. That custome is the
soule of circumstances. That custome
hath so farre preuailed, that *Truth* is
now the greatest newes.

Sir T. Over.

Answer to the Court Newes.

THAT *Happinesse* and *Miserie* are
Antipodes. That *Goodnesse* is not
Felicitie but the rode thither. That
Mans strength is but a vicissitude of fal-
ling and rising. That onely to refraine
ill, is to be ill still. That the plot of Sal-
uation

uation was laide before the plot of *Paradise*. That enioying is the preparatiue to contemning. That hee that seekss opinion beyond merit, goes iust as farre back. That no man can obtaine his desires, nor in the world hath not to his measure. That to study, men are more profitable then bookes. That mens loues are their afflictions. That Titles of Honour, are rattles to still ambition. That to be a King, is *Fames Butte*, and *Feares Quiner*. That the soules of Women and Lovers, are wrapt in the portmanque of their fences. That imagination is the end of man. That wit is the webbe, and wisdom the woofe of the cloth; so that womens soules were neuer made vp. That enuie knowes what it will not confesse. That *Goodnesse* is like the Art *Prospetive*: one point Center, begetting infinite rayes. That man, Woman, and the Deuill, are the three degrees of comparison. That this *Newes* holds number, but not weight,

weight, by which couple all things receive forme.

Country Nemes.

THAT there is most heere, for it gathers in going. That reputation is measured by the Acre. That Poverty is the greatest dishonestie. That the pittie of *Alasse poore soule*, is for the most part mistaken. That Rost Beefe is the best smell. That a Iustice of Peace is the best relique of Idolatrie. That the Allegory of Iustice drawne blinde, is turned the wrong way. That not to liue too heavenly is accounted great wrong. That wisdom descends in a race. That wee loue names better then persons. That to hold in Knights seruice, is a slipperie seruice. That a Papist is a new word for a Traitor. That the dutie of Religion is lent, not pay'd. That the reward is lost in the want.

News.

want of humilitie. That the puritan persecution is as a cloude that can hide the glory of the light, but not the day. That the emulation of the *English* and *Scots* to be the *Kings* Country men, thrust the honour on the *Welsh*. That a Courtier neuer attaines his selfe-knowledge, but by report. That his best Embleme is a Hearne-dogge. That many great men are so proud, that they know not their owne Fathers. That loue is the taile worme. That a woman is the effect of her owne first fime. That to remember, to know, and to vnderstand, are three degrees not vnderstood. That Country ambition is no vice, for there is nothing aboue a man. That fighting is a Seruingmans valour: Martyrdome their Masters. That to liue long, is to fill vp the dayes we liue. That the zeale of some mens Religion reflect from their Friends. That the pleasure of vice is indulgence of the present, for it endures but the acting. That the proper reward of goodnesse is from within, the

News.

externall is policie. That good and ill is the crosse and pile in the ayme of life. That the Soule is the Lampe of the body, Reason of the Soule, Religion of Reason, Faith of Religion, Christ of Faith. That circumstances are the Atomies of Policie, Censure the being, Action the life, but successe the Ornament. That Authoritie presseth downe with weight, and is thought violence : Policie trips vp the heeles and is called the dextrerity. That this life is a throng in a narrow passage, hee that is first out, finds ease, hee in the middle worst hemm'd in with troubles, the hindmost that driues both out afore him, though not suffering wrong, hath his part in doing it. That God requires of our debts, a reckoning, not payment. That heauen is the easiest purchase, for wee are the richer for the disbursing. That liberalitie should haue no object but the poore, if our mindes were rich. That the mysterie of greatness is to keepe the inferiour ignorant.

of

Newes.

of it. That all this is no Newes to a better wit. *That the Citie cares not what the Countrey thinkes.*

Sir T.R.

Newes from the very Countrey.

THat it is a Frippery of Courtiers, Marchants, and others, which haue beene in fashion, and are verie neere worne out. That Iustices of Peace hauethe selling of vnder-woods, but the Lords haue the great falls. The Iesuits are like Apricockes, heretofore, heere and there one succour'd in a great mans house, and cost deare; now you may haue them for nothing in euery cottage. That euery great Vice is a Pike in a Pond, that deuours vertues and lesse vices. That it is wholesomest getting a stomacke by walking on your owne ground: and the thriftiest laying
of

Newes.

of it at anothers Table. That debtors are in *London* close prisoners, and heere haue the liberty of the house. That *Atheists* in affliction, like blinde beggers, are forced to aske, though they know not of whom. That there are (God be thanked) not two such Acres in all the Countrey, as the *Exchange* and *Westminster Hall*. That onely Christ-masse Lords know their ends. That Women are not so tender fruit, but that they doe as well, and beare as well vpon beds, as plashed against walles. That our carts are neuer worse imployed, then when they are waighted on by Coaches. That Sentences in Authors, like haiers in horse taites, concur in one root of beauty and strength; but being pluckt out one by one, serue only for sprindges and snares. That both want and abundance, equally aduance a rectified man from the world as cotton and stones are both good casting for an Hawke. That I am sure there is none of the forbidden fruit left, because

we doe not all eat thereof. That our best three-pilde mischiefe comes from beyond the sea, and rides post through the Countrey, but his errand is to Court. That next to no wife and children, your owne are the best pastime, anothers wife and your children worse, your wife and anothers children worst. That Statesmen hunt their fortunes, and are often at default: Fauorites course her, and are euer in view. That intemperance is not so vnwholsome heere; for none euer saw Sparrow sicke of the pox. That here is no trechery nor fidelity, but it is because here are no secrets. That Court-motions are vp and downe, ours circular: theirs like squibs cannot stay at the highest, nor returne to the place which they rose from, but vanish and weare out in the way: Ours like Mill-wheeles, busie without changing place; they haue peremptory fortunes; wee vicissitudes.

I. D.

Answer

Answer to the very Countrey News.

IT is a thought, that man is the Cooke
of time, and made dresser of his owne
fatting. That the five Sences are Cin-
que-ports for temptation, the traffique
sinne, the Lieutenant *Satan*, the cu-
stome-tribute, Soules. That the Citi-
zens of the high Court, grow rich by
simplicity; but those of *London*, by sim-
ple craft. That life, death, and time, doe
with short cudgels dance the Mata-
chine. That those which dwell vnder
the *Zona Torrida*, are troubled with
more damps, than those of *Frigida*. That
Policie and *Superstition* hath of late her
masque rent from her face, and shee is
found with a wrie mouth and a stinkeng
breath, and those that courted her hot-
ly, hate her now in the same degree or
beyond. That Nature too much louing
her own, becomes vnnaturall & foolish.

News.

That the soule in some is like an egge; hatched by a young Pullet, who often rigging from her nest, makes hot and cold beget rottennesse, which her wanton youth will not beleue, till the faire shell being broken, the stinke appeareth to profit others, but cannot her. That those are the wise ones, that hold the superficies of vertue, to support her contrary, ail-sufficient. That clemency within and without is the nurse of rebellion. That thought of the future is retired into the Country, and time present dwels at Court. That I liuing neere the Church-yard, where many are buried of the Pest, yet my infection cometh from *Spaine*, and it is feared it will disperse further into the Kingdome.

A.S.

News

News to the Vniversitie.

A Meere Scholler is but a liue booke. Actions doe expresse knowledge better then words ; so much of the soule is lost as the body cannot vtter. To teach, should rather bee an effect, then the purpose of learning. Age decays nature, perfects Art : therefore the glory of youth, is strength ; of the gray-head, wisdom ; yet most condemne the follies of their owne infancie, runne after those of the worlds, and in reuerence of antiquity will beare an old error against a new truth. *Logicke* is the *Heraultrie* of Arts, and array of Iudgement, none it selfe, nor any Science without it : where it and learning meete not, must be either a skilfull ignorance, or a wilde knowledge. Vnderstanding cannot conclude out of moode and figure. Discretion contains *Rhetoricke* ; the next way to

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learne good words, is to learne sence; the newest *Philosophia* is foundest, the eldest *Diuinitie* : *Astronomie* begins in Nature, ends in Magick. There is no honesty of the body without health, which no man hath had since *Adam*. *Intemperance* that was the first mother of sickness, is now the daughter. Nothing dies but qualities. No kind in the world can perish without ruine of the whole. All parts helpe one another (like States) for particular interest: So in Arts which are but translations of nature, there is no sound position in any one, which, imagine false, there may not from it bee drawne strong conclusions, to disproue all the rest. Where one truth is granted, it may bee by direct meanes brought to confirme any other controuerted. The soule and body of the first man, were made fit to bee immortall together: we cannot liue to the one, but we must die to the other. A man and a Christian are two Creatures. Our perfection in this World is vertue; in the next, knowledge;

News.

ledge; when wee shall read the glory of
God in his owne face.

News from Sea.

THat the best pleasure is to haue
no object of pleasure, and vniformity
is a better prospect then varietie.
That putting to Sea is change of life,
but not of condition, where risings
and falls, calmes, and crosse gales are
yours, in order and turne; fore windes
but by chance. That it is the worst
winde, to haue no winde, and that your
smooth-fac'd Courtier, deadning your
course by a calme, giues greater impe-
diment, then an open enemies crosse-
gale. That leuitie is a vertue: for ma-
ny are held vp by it. That it's nothing
so intricate and infinite to rigge a ship,
as a woman, and the more either is
fraught, the apter to leake. That to

Newes.

pumpethe one, and shreewe the other, is alike noysom. That small faults habituated are as dangerous as little leaks vnfound; and that to punish and not prevent, is to labour in the pompe, and leaue the leake open. That it is best striking Saile before a storme, and necessariest in it. That a little time in our life is best, as the shortest cut to our Hauen is the happiest voyage. That to him that hath no Hauen, no winde is friendly; and yet it is better to haue no Hauen, then some kind of one. That expedition is euery where to bee bribed but at Sea. That gaine workes this miracle, to make men walke vpon the water; and that the sound of commoditie drowns the noise of a storme, especially of an absent one. That I haue once in my life out-gone night at Sea, but neuer darkenesse; and that I shall neuer wonder to see a hard world, because I haue liued to see the Sunne a bankrupt, being ready to starue for cold in his perpetual presence. That a mans companions are (like ships) to

Nenes.

be kept in distance, or falling foule one of another; onely with my friend I will cloze. That the fairest field for a running head is the Sea, where he may run himselfe out of breath, and his humour out of him. That I could carry you much further, and yet leaue more before then behind, and all will be but *via Navis*, without print or tracke, for so is morall instruction to youths watrish humour. That though a Shippe vnder saile bee a good sight, yet it is better to see her moor'd in the Hauē. That I care not what become of this fraile Barke of my flesh, so I saue the passenger. And heere I cast Anchor,

W.S.

S 4

Forraine

Forraine News of the yeere 1622.

From France.

IT is deliuered from *France*, that the choyce of friends there, is as of their Wines : those that beeing new, are hard and harsh, proue best : the most pleasing are least lasting. That an enemy fierce at the first onset, is as a torrent tumbling downe a mountaine; awhile it beares all before it : haue but that whiles patience, you may passe it drie-foot. That a penetrating judgement may enter into a mans minde by his bodie's gate; if this appeare affected, apish and vnsable: a wonder if that bee settled.

That vaine glory, new fashions, and the *French* disease, are vpon termes of quitting

Newes.

quitting their Countries Allegiance,
to bee made free Denisons of *England*.
That the wounds of an ancient enmity
have their scarres, which cannot be so
well cloz'd to the sight, but they will lye
open to the memorie. That a Princes
pleasurable vices, vthered by authority,
and waited on by conniueance, sooner
punish themselves by the subjects imi-
tation, then they can be reformed by
remonstrance or correction: so apt are
all ill examples to rebound on them
that giue them. That Kings heare truth
oftner for the tellers, then their owne
aduantage.

From Spaine.

THat the shortest cut to the riches
of the *Indies*, is by their contempt.
That who is feared of most, feares most.
That it more vexeth the proud, that
men dispise them, then that they not
feare

Newes.

feare them. That greatnesse is fruitfull enough, when other helpes faile, to be-
get on it selfe destruction. That it is a
grosse flattrring of tired cruelty, to ho-
nest it with the title of clemency. That
to eat much at other mens cost, and lit-
tle at his owne, is the wholesomest and
most nourishing diet, both in Court and
Country. That those are aptest to do-
mineere ouer others, who by suffering
indignities, haue learned to offer them.
That ambition like a silly Doue flies vp
to fall downe, it mindees not whence it
came, but whither it will. That euen
Galley slaues, setting light by their cap-
tiuity, finde freedome in bondage. That
to bee slow in military businesse, is to
bee so courteous, as to giue the way to
an enemy. That lightning and great-
nesse, more feare then hurt.

From

From Rome.

THat the Venercall (called veniall) sinne, is to passe in the ranke of Cardinall vertues; and that those should be held henceforth his Holines beneficiall friends, that sinne vpon hope of pardon. That where vice is a State-commodity, he is an offender that often offends not. That Iewes and Curtezans there, are as beasts that men feede, to feede on. That for an Englishman to abide at *Rome*, is not so dangerous as report makes it; since it skilles not where we liue, so we take heed how we liue. That greatnesse comes not downe by the way it went vp, there being often found a small distance between the highest & the lowest fortunes. That rackt authority is oft lesse at home then abroad regarded, while things that seeme, are (commonly) more a farre off then at hand feared.

From

News.

From Venice.

THat the most profitable Banke, is the true vse of a mans selfe, whiles such as grow mouldy in idlenesse, make their houses their Tombs, and die before their death. That many dangerous spirits lye buried in their wants, which had they meanes to their minds, would dare as much as those that with their better Fortunes ouer-top them. That professed Curtezans, if they be any way good, it is because they are openly bad. That frugality is the richest treasure of an estate, where men feede for hunger, cloath for cold and modestie, and spend for Honour, Charity, and Safety.

From

From Germanie.

THat the infectious vice of Drunken-good-fellowship, is like to stick by that Nation as long as the multitude of Offenders so benums the sense of offending, as that a common blot is held no staine. That discretions must be taken by weight, not by tale: who doth otherwise, shall both proue his owne too light, and fall short of his reckoning. That feare and a nice fore-cast of euery slight danger, seldome gives either faithfull or fruitfull counsell. That the Empire of *Germanie*, is not more great then that ouer a mans selfe.

From

News.

From the Low-Countries.

THat one of the surest grounds of a mans liberty is, not to giue another power ouer it. That the most dangerous plunge whereto to put thine enemy, is desperation, while forcing him to set light by his owne life, thou makest him master of thine. That neglected danger lights soonest and heauiest. That they are wisest, who in the likelihood of good, prouide for ill. That since pittie dwelles at the next doore to miserie, he liueth most at ease, that is neighboured with enuie. That the euill fortune of the warres, as well as the good, is variable.

News

News.

News from my Lodging.

That the best prospect is to looke inward. That it is quieter sleeping in a good conscience, then a whole skin. That a soule in a fat body lies soft, and is loth to rise. That he must rise betimes who would cooze the Deuil. That *Flattery* is increased from a pillow vnder the elbow, to a bed vnder the whole body. That *Policie* is the vnsleeping night of reason. That he who sleepest in the cradle of security, sinnes soundly without starting. That guilt is the Flea of the conscience. That no man is throughly awaked, but by affliction. That a hang'd Chamber in priuate, is nothing so conuenient as a hang'd Traitor in publike. That the religion of *Papistrick*, is like a curtaine, made to keepe out the light. That the life of most Women is walking in their sleepe, and they talke their dreames.

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Newes.

dreames. That Chambring is counted a ciuiller quality, then playing at Tables in the Hall, though Seruing-men vse both. That the best bedfellow for all times in the yeere, is a good bed without a fellow. That hee who tumbles in a calme bed, hath his tempest within. That hee who will rise, must first lye downe and take humility in his way. That sleepe is deaths picture drawne to life, or the twylight of life and death. That in sleepe wee kindly shake death by the hand; but when wee are awaked, we will not know him. That often sleepings are so many trials to dye, that at last we may doe it perfectly. That few dare write the true newes of their Chamber: and that I haue none secret enough to tempt a strangers curiosity, or a seruants discovery.

God giue you good morrow.

B.R.

Newes

News.

News of my morning Worke.

THat to bee good, the way is to bee most alone, or the best accompanied. That the way to heaven is mistaken for the most Melancholy walke. That the most feare the worlds opinion, more then Gods displeasure. That a Court-friend seldome goes further then the first degree of Charitie. That the Deuill is the perfectest Courtier. That innocencie was first cousin to man, now guiltinesse hath the neereſt alliance. That sleepe is Deaths Leiger-Ambassadour. That time can neuer bee spent: we passe by it, & cannot returne. That none can be sure of more time then an instant. That sinne makes worke for repentance, or the Deuill. That patience hath more power then afflictions. That euery ones memory is diuided into two parts: the part losing all, is the

Sea,

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Newes.

Sea, the keeping part is Land. That honesty in the Court liues in persecution, like Protestants in Spain. That predestination and constancy are alike vncertaine to be iudged of. That reasoⁿ makes loue the Seruing-man. That vertues fauour is better then a Kings fauourite. That being sicke, begins a suit to God; being well, possesseth it. That health is the Coach which carries to Heauen, sicknesse the post-horse. That worldly delights to one in extreme sicknesse, is like a high candle to a blinde man. That absence doth sharpen loue, presence strengthens it, that the one brings fuell, the other blowes it till it burnes cleare: that loue often breakes friendship, that euer increaseth loue. That constancy of women, and loue in men, is alike rare. That Art is truths Iuggler. That falsehood playes a larger part in the world then truth. That blinde zeale, and lame knowledge, are alike apt to ill. That fortune is humblest where most contemned. That no Porter but, resolution

News.

keepe's feare out of mindes. That the face of goodnesse without a body, is the worst wickednesse. That womans fortunes aspire but by others powers. That a man with a female wit, is the worst *Hermaphrodite*. That a man not worthy being a friend, wrongs himselfe by being in acquaintance. That the worst part of ignorance, is making good and ill seeme alike. That all this is newes onely to fooles.

Mist.B.

News from the lower end of the Table.

IT is said among the folke heere, that if a man die in his infancy, hee hath onely broke his fast in this world : if in his youth, hee hath left vs at dinner. That it is bed-time with a man at three-score and tenne : and hee that liues to a

News.

hundred yeeres, hath walked a mile after supper. That the humble-minded man makes the lowest curtesie. That grace before meat, is our electiō before we were: grace after meat our saluation when we are gone. The soule that halts betweene two opinions, falls betweene two fooles. That a foole at the vpper end of the table, is the bread before the salt. Hee that hates to bee reprooued, sits in his owne light. Hunger is the cheapest sawce, and nature the cheapest guest. The sensible man and the silent woman, are the best discourfers. Repentance without amendment, is but the shifting of a foule trencher. Hee that tels a lie to saue his credit, wipes his mouth with his sleeue to spare his napkin. The tongue of a lester is the Fiddle that the hearts of the company dance to. The tongue of a foole craues a piece of his heart to e-very man that sits next him. A silent man is a couered messe. The contented man onely is his owne caruer. Hee that

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that hath many friends, eats too much salt with his meat. That wit without discretion, cuts other men meat and his owne fingers. That the soule of a cholericke man sits euer by the fire-side. That patience is the lard of the leane meat of aduersitie. The Epicure puts his money into his belly, and the Miser his belly in his purse. That the best company makes the vpper end of the table, and not the salt-celler. The superfluitie of a mans possessions, is the broken meat that should remaine to the poore. That the enuious keepes his knife in his hand, and swallowes his meat whole. A rich foole amongst the wise, is a gilt empty bowle amongst the thirstie. Ignorance is an insensible hunger. The water of life is the best wine. Hee that robs mee of my inuention, bids himselfe welcome to another mans table, and I will bid him welcome when hee is gone. The vain-glorious man pisseth more then he drinkes. That no man can drinke an health out of the

cup of blessing. To surfet vpon wit, is more dangerous then to want it. Hee that's ouercome of any passion, is drie drunke. Tis easier to fill the belly of faith then the eye of reason. The rich glutton is better fed then taught. That faith is the elbow for a heauie soule to leane on. He that sinnes that he may repent, surfets that he may take physicke. He that rises without thanksgiuing, goes away and owes for his ordinary. He that be- ginnes to repent when he is old, neuer washed his hands till night. That this life is but one day of three meales, or one meale of three courses: child hood, youth, and old age. That to suppe well, is to liue well: and that's the way to sleepe well. That no man goes to bed till he dies, nor wakes till he be dead. And therefore

Good night to you here,
and good morrow hereafter,

Newes from the Church.

IT was thought heere, that the world was made for man, and not man for the world, and that therefore they take a crosse course that lye downe there. That those that will not rise, their soules must, and carry their bodies to iudgement. That wee haue spent one inheritance already, and are prodigall of this. That there is no hope beyond mercy, and that this is that time; the next is of Iustice. That Christ when hee went away, left good seede in his Church; and when hee comes againe, hee shall finde Christians, but not faith. That the Deuill hath got, vpon vs, the same way that he did at the first, by drawing shadowes ouer substances, as hee did the body ouer the soule. That *Protestants* weare the name of Christ for a Charme, as *Papists* doe the Crosse, That States vse it, the Cleargie line by

it, the people follow it, more by a streame, then one by one. That all are religious rather then some. That eue-ry one lookes to another, but not to himselfe. That they goe so by throngs to Heauen, that it is to bee feared they take the broader way. That the Church is in the world, like a Ship in the Sea ; the elect in the Church, like *Ionas* amongst the Mariners. That to mend this, is to cheate the Deuill, to turne man the right side outward, and set the soule foremost againe. That the soule may be too ranke too, if wee looke not to it : and so a *Puritane* oftentimes meetes a *Papist* in superstition another way. That to binde from and to indifferent things, is equall, though it bee thought otherwise. That some, out of a good meaning, haue fallen this way into a vice. That these faults are more subtile ; and therefore lesse perceiued, and lesse to bee blamed ; but as dangerous as the other, if they take head. That the rule is in all things,

the

the body and the soule must goe together, but the better before. That wee haue contended so long about the body of Religion, that some men thought it was dead. That so *Atheists* are come into the Church, and that it will bee as hard to cast them out, as Devils. That those which haue thus broken the peace of *Ierusalem*, are obliged to satisfaction; and those which first gaue them cause of amendment. That they are a good medicine one for another, and both a good Composition. That a pure *Bishop* is the best gouernment, if the pride on both sides would let them know it. That all Controuersies for the most part, leaue the truth in the middle, and are factious at both ends. That the Church hath this good by them, they cleanse the way for others, but not for themselues. That sincerity, in the cause of truth, is more worth then learning. That too much, and too little knowledge, haue made the world mad. That, wee haue a

shorter

News.

shorter cut to it; and a surer way then *Drake* had ouer the world, if wee could find it out. That euer y man is a brief of the whole; and as he is so, he is greater then a King. That euer y King is a briefe of his Land, and hee hath a *Patterne* of the gouernmēt of it alwaies about him. That as the honour that he giues vnto his Nobles & Counsellors, is a charge; so is that which God giues him. That as he requires an account, so he must giue. That he is the Image of God in his kingdome, as man is in the World. That therefore the Subiects owe him obedience, as the Creatures doe Man. That those that will not obey, are neither good Subiects, nor good men. That to obey well, is as great a thing as to gouerne, & more mens duties. That those that thinke not so, know not the Christians part, which is to suffer. That though States be naught, if they professe Religion, they may deliuer many men safe to Heaven, though they goe not themselves, and so they are like bad Ministers.

iters. That this is Gods vse of both & of the world too, to conuey his elect to their place. That the outward face of the Church hath but the same vse, and the Elect are the Church themselves. That they are the Temple of the holy Ghost, & therefore ought to pluck down their Idols, and set vp God there. That the Idols of these times, are Couetousnes, Pride, Gluttony, Wantonnesse, Heresies, & such like admiration & seruing of our selues. That we must make all time an occasiō of amendment, because the deuill makes it an occasiō to tempt. That he is a spirit, and therefore cunninger then we. That there is no way to resist him, but by the Spirit of God, which is his Master. That this is the gift of God, which hee giueth to all that are his. That it is encreased by the word, & held by humility & prayer. That Faith is the effect of it, and workes the assurance. That thus the vnderstanding and will, which is the whole soule of man, is made vp again, and sanctifies the body.

That

News.

That so we are the members of Christ.
That our Head is in Heauen, as a
pawne, that where he is, wee shall bee.
That there is no opinion but know-
ledge; for it is the Science of soules, and
God the teacher.

News from the bed.

That the Bed is the best Rendevou
of mankind, and the most neces-
sary ornament of a Chamber. That
Souldiers are good Antiquaries in kee-
ping the old fashion, for the first bed
was the bare ground. That a mans pil-
low is his best Counseller. That *Adam*
lay in state, when the Heauen was his
canopic. That the naked truth is, *A-*
dam and *Eve* lay without sheetes. That
they were either very innocent, ve-
rie ignorant, or very impudent, they
were

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were not ashamed the heavens should see them lie without a couerlet. That it is likely *Ene* studied Astronomy, which makes the posterity of her Sex euer since to lie on their backs. That the circumference of the bed is nothing so wide as the conuex of the heavens, yet it containes a whole world. That the five Sences are the greatest sleepers. That a slothfull man is but a reasonable Dormouse. That the soule euer awakes to watch the body. That a iealous man sleepest dog-sleeper. That sleepe makes no difference betweene a Wise man and a Foole. That for all times sleepe is the best bedfellow. That the Deuill and mischief euer awake. That loue is a dreame. That the preposterous hopes of ambitious men are like pleasing dreames, farthest off when awake. That the bed payes *Venus* more custome then all the world beside. That if dreames and wishes had beene all true, there had not beene since Poperie, one Maide to make a Nun of.

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That the secure man sleeps soundly, and is hardly to be awak't. That the charitable man dreames of building Churches, but starts to thinke the vn-godlier Courtier will pull them downe againe. That sleepers were neuer dangerous in a State. That there is a naturall reason, why Popish Priests chuse the bed to confesse their women vpon, for they hold it necessarie, that humiliation should follow shrift. That if the bed should speake all it knowes, it would put many to the blush. That it is fit the bed should know more then paper.

R.S.

News from Shipboord.

That Repentance without amendment, is like continuall pumping, without mending the leake. That hee that liues without Religion, sayles without a Compasse. That the wantonnesse

Newes.

of a peaceable Common-wealth, is like the playing of the Porpesse before a storme. That the foole is Sea-sicke in a Calme, but the wise mans stomacke endures all weathers. That passions in a foole, are Ordnance broken loose in a storme, that alter their property of offensing others, and ruine himselfe. That good Fortunes are a soft quicksand, aduersity a rocke, both equally dangerous. That vertue is in pouerty a ready rigd Ship, that lies windbound. That good fashion in a man, is like the Pilot in a Ship, that doth most with least force. That a Fooles tongue is like the buye of an Anchor, you shall finde his heart by it wheresoever it lyes. Wisdom makes vse of the crosses of this world, as a skilfull Pilot of Rockes for Sea-markes to saile by.

H.R.

Newes

News.

News from the Chimney corner.

That wit is Brush-wood, judgement Timber: the one giues the greatest flame, the other yeelds the durablest heat, and both meeting makes the best fire. That Bawdes and Atturneyes are Andirons that hold vp their Clyents, till they burne each other to ashes: they receiue warmth by these; these by them their destruction. That a wise rich man is like the backe or stocke of the Chimney, and his wealth the fire; he receiues it not for his owne need; but to reflect the heat to others good. That House-keeping in England is false from a great fire in a hot Summers day, to boughs in the Chimney all Winter long. That mans reason in matter of Faith is fire, in the first degree of his ascent flame, next smoake, and then nothing. A young fel-

News.

fellow false in love with a whore, is
said to be false asleepe in the Chimney
corner. Hee that leaues his friend for
his wench, forsakes his bed to set vp and
watch a coale. That the couetous rich
man onely freezes before the fire. That
Choller is an ill guest, that pisses in the
Chimney for want of a Chamber-pot.
That chaste Beauty is like the bellows,
whose breath is cold, yet makes others
burne. That he that expounds the Scrip-
tures vpon the warrant of his owne spi-
rit only, layes the brands together with-
out Tongs, and is sure (at least) to burne
his owne fingers. That the Louer keeps
a great fire in's house all the yeere long.
That deuotion, like fire in frostie wea-
ther, burnes hottest in affliction. That
such Fryers as flie the world for the
trouble of it, lie in bed all day in Winter
to spare fire-wood. That a couetous
man is a Dog in a wheele, that toiles to
roast meat for other mens eating. That
Pagans worshipping the Sunne, are said
to hold their hands to the Glo-worme

in stead of a coale for heat. That a Wise
mans heart is like a broad hearth that
keeps the coales (his passions) from bur-
ning the house. That good deeds,
in this life, are coales raked
vp in embers, to
make a fire next
day.



Paradoxes, as they were
spoken in a Maske, and presented
before his Majesty at White-Hall.

Masculine

1 **H**E cannot bee } For a Perrinwigge
a Cuckold cannot fit such a
that weares a Gre- head.
gorian,

2 A Knight of the }
long Robe is more } For Furies are
honourable then a } dearer then Spurs.
Knight made in the
field.

3 A Drunkards } For hee thinkes a-
is a good Phyloso- } right: the World
pher. } goes round.

4 The Diuell } For Saint Dun-
cannot take Tobac- } ston seared up that
co through his } with his tongs.
Nose.

Paradoxes.

5 A Shoemaker } For hee (virtue
is the fittest man in } officij) may put a
the parish to make a } man into the stocks
Constable. } & ease him at last.

6 A Prisoner is } For ever hee lies
the best Fencer. } at a close ward.

7 An elder bro- } For he hath wber-
ther may bee a wise } withall to purchase
man. } experience at any
rate.

8 Burgomasters } For they may so
ought not to weare } bring in the smea-
furre Gownes at } sting sicknesse.
Midsummer.

6 A Cutpurse } For his worke is
is the surest trade. } no sooner done, but
his money is in his
hand.

Feminine.

10 It is better to }
marry a widdow } For Causa patet.
then a maide. }

Paradoxes.

For plaine dealing
11 *Downe-right* ling is a lewell, and
language is the best there is no Ladie
to winne a woman. but desires to haue
her.

12. If a woman
with childe long to } For if hee will
lie with another not, shee will doe it
man, her husband without him.
must consent.

13. A painted La- } For so both may
die best fits a Gap- } fight under their
taine. } colours.

14. Rich Widows } For they beeing
were ordained for } borne to no lands,
younger brethren. } must plough in ano-
ther mans soile.

15 Tis dange- }
rous to marry a wi- } For shee hath cast
dow. } her Rider.

16. It is good for a
young *Popish* mence } For shee shall be
to marry an older } sure to keepe all fast-
man. } sing nights.

Paradoxes.

17. A dangerous } For no wiseman
secret is safely kept } will search for it
in a womans bosome. } there.

18 A woman of } For a Star-ling
learning & tongues } that can speake is a
is an admirable crea- } present for an Em-
ture. } peror.

19 A great La- } For that is too
dy should not weare } meane, as a coat of
her owne haire. } her owne spinning.

20 A faire wo- } For so shée lookes
mans Necke should } as if shée lookt for a
stand a way. } kisse.

21 Women loves } For they will haue
fish better then } place, whatsoeuer
flesh. } they pay for it.

Newter.

22 An Vserer is } For Quantum
the best Christian. } numerum in ar-
ca, tantum habet
& fidei.

23 The

Paradoxes.

23 The best bodies } For painted clothes
should weare the } were made to hide
meaneſt habits. } bare walls.

24 It is better to } For all the world
bee a begger then to } lies open to his tra-
bee a Merchant. } ſique, and yet bee
paies no Cuſtome.

25 Tis more ſafe } For a man ſhould
to bee drunke with } bee more inward-
the Hop, then with } with his Countrey-
the Grape. } man then with a
ſtranger.

26 A man deepe } For Bacchus can-
in doubt ſhould be as } cels all manner of
deepe in drinke. } obligations.

27 Players houſes } For men are bet-
are more neceſſarie } ter taught by ex-
in a well Govern'd } ample, then precept.
Common-wealth, then } ſchools.

28 Tavernes are } For it is better
more requiſite in a } that the multitude
Countrey then a } were louing then
ſchools. } learned.

Paradoxes.

29 A Tobacco-
Shop and a Bawdie-
house, are Co-incidents.
For smoake is not
without fire.

30 Wealth is bet-
ter then wit.
For few Poets
have had the for-
tune to bee chosen
Aldermen.

31 Marriage frees
a man from care.
For then his wife
takes all upon her.

32 A kennell of
Hounds is the best
consort.
For they need no
tuning from mor-
ning to night.

33 The Court
makes better schol-
lers then the Uni-
uersities
For when the
King vouchsafes to
be a Teacher, eu-
ry man blushes to
bee a non profi-
cient.

34 A nimble
Page is more use-
full for a Lady then
a long Gentleman-
usher.
For a Sparrow is
more active then a
bald Buzzard.

Receipts:

35 Tis better to be For a Goose lines
bee a Coward then a longer then a Cocke
Captaine. of the Game.

The Mountebankes

Receipts.

*An approved Receipt against Melan-
choly Feminine.*

IF any Lady bee sicke of the Sullens,
shee knowes not where, let her take a
handfull of simples, I know not what,
and vse them, I know not how, applying
them to the place griued, I know not
which, and shee shall be cured, I know
not when.

Against the Scuruy.

If any Scholler be troubled with an
Itch or breaking out, which in time may
proue scuruy; let him first forbear
clawing

Receipts.

clawing and fretting meates, and then purge choller, but by any meanes upwards;

For restoring Gentlemen-fishers-Legs.

If any Gentleman-fisher haue the Consumption in his Legs, let him feede lustily ypon Veale, two months in the Spring-time, and forbear all manner of Mutton, and hee shall increase in the Calfe.

For the Tentigo.

If any be troubled with the Tentigo, let him trauell to Iapan; or because the Forrest of *Ternbolia* is of the same Altitude and Elevation of the Pole, and at hand, let him hunt there for his recreation, and it shall be done in an instant.

For a Felon.

If any bee troubled with a Felon on his finger, whereby he hath lost the lawfully use of his hand; let him but once use

Receipts:

Use the exercise of swinging and stretch himself vpon the soueraigne Tree of *Tyburnia*, and it will presently kill the Felon.

For a Tympanie.

As if a Virgin be so sicke of *Cupid*, that the disease is growne to a *Tympanie*, let her with all speede possible remove herselfe, changing Aire for forty weekes at least, keeping a sparse diet as she travels, alwaies after vsing lawfull exercises, till shee bee married, and then shee is past danger.

For Barrennesse.

If any Lady be married, yet childlesse, let her first desire to be a mother, & eat to her breakfast a new laid Egge in a spoonfull of Goats-milke, with a scruple of *Ambergreece*, and at supper feed on a *Henne*, troden but by one Cocke; and aboue al things let her avoid hurrying in Coaches, especially on the stones; and a fluming afier mold, then Nature

Receipts.

meant her, and no doubt shee shall fructifie.

For the falling sicknesse.

If any woman bee troubled with the Falling sicknesse, let her first forbear Physicke, especially Suppositories and Glisters: neither let her trauell Westward-Ho, because shee must auoyd the Ile of Man. And for that it is an euill Spirit entred into her, let her for a Charme, haue alwaies her legs acrosse, when shee is not walking, and this will helpe her.

For a Rupture.

If any Merchant be troubled with a Rupture in the bowels of his Estate, so that hee cannot goe abroad, let him de-coct Gold from a Pound to a Noble; taking the broth thereof from sixe moneths to sixe moneths, and hee shall be as able a man as euer he was.

Songs.

The Mountebankes Song.

Is any deafe? Is any blinde?
Is any bound or loose behinde?
Is any foule that would be faire?
Would any Lady change her haire?
Doe's any dreame? doe's any walker
Or in his sleepe affrighted talke?
I come to cure what ere you feele,
Within, without from head to heele.

Bee Drummes or Rattles in thy head?
Are not thy braimes well tempered?
Doe's Eolus thy Stomacke gnaw?
Or breed there vermine in thy maw?
Dost thou desire and cannot please?
Lo, here the best Cantharides,
I come to cure what ere you feele,
Within, without, from head to heele.

Euen all diseases that arise,
From ill disposed crudities.

Songs.

From too much study, too much paine,
From lazinesse and from a straine;
From any humour doing harme,
Be it dry, or moist, or cold, or warme.
Then come to me, what ere, &c.

Oflazy Gout, I cure the rich,
I ride the beeger of the Itch,
I fleame aoid bath thicke and thin,
I deslocated joints put in,
I can old age to youth restore.
And doe a thousand wonders more.
Then come to me, &c.

The second Song.

M Aids of the Chamber, or of the kitchen,
If you be troubled with an itchin,
Come, giue but a kisse or two,
And here is that shall soone cure you.
Nor Galen nor Hippocrates,
Did euer doe such cures as these.

Crackt

Songs.

Crackt maides knowe, and hold your water,
Or vse to breake winde in your laughter;
Or be you vext with Kibes with Cornes,
Ile cure, or Cuckolds of their horns.
Nor Galen, &c.

If lustie Sis, Maide of the dairy,
Chance to be blew nipt by the Fairy;
For making butter with her taile,
Ile giue her that did neuer faile.
Nor Galen nor, &c.

Or if some mischance betide her,
Or that the Night-mare ouer-ride her,
Or if shee tell all in a Dreame,
Ile helpe her for a messe of Creame.
Nor Galen nor, &c.

The third Song.

Heer's water to quench maiden fires,
Heer's spirits for old occupiers,
Heer's

Songs.

Heer's powder to reserve youth long,
Heer's oyle to make weake sinewes strong.
What is't you lack? what would you buy?
What is't that you doe need?
Come to me (Gallants) taste and try,
Heer's that will doe, will doe the deed.

This powder doth preserve from fate,
This cures the Maleficiate;
Lost maidenheads this doth restore,
And makes them virgins as before.
What is't you lacke, &c?

Heer's cure for bone-ach, fewer burdens,
Unlawfull or untimely Burdens,
Diseases of all Sex, all Ages,
This medicine cureth or asswages.
What is't you lacke, &c?

I have receipts to cure the Gout,
To keepe Poxe in, or put them out,
To coole hot blouds, sold blood to warme,
Shall doe you (if no good) no harme.
What is't you lacke? &c.

FINIS.

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